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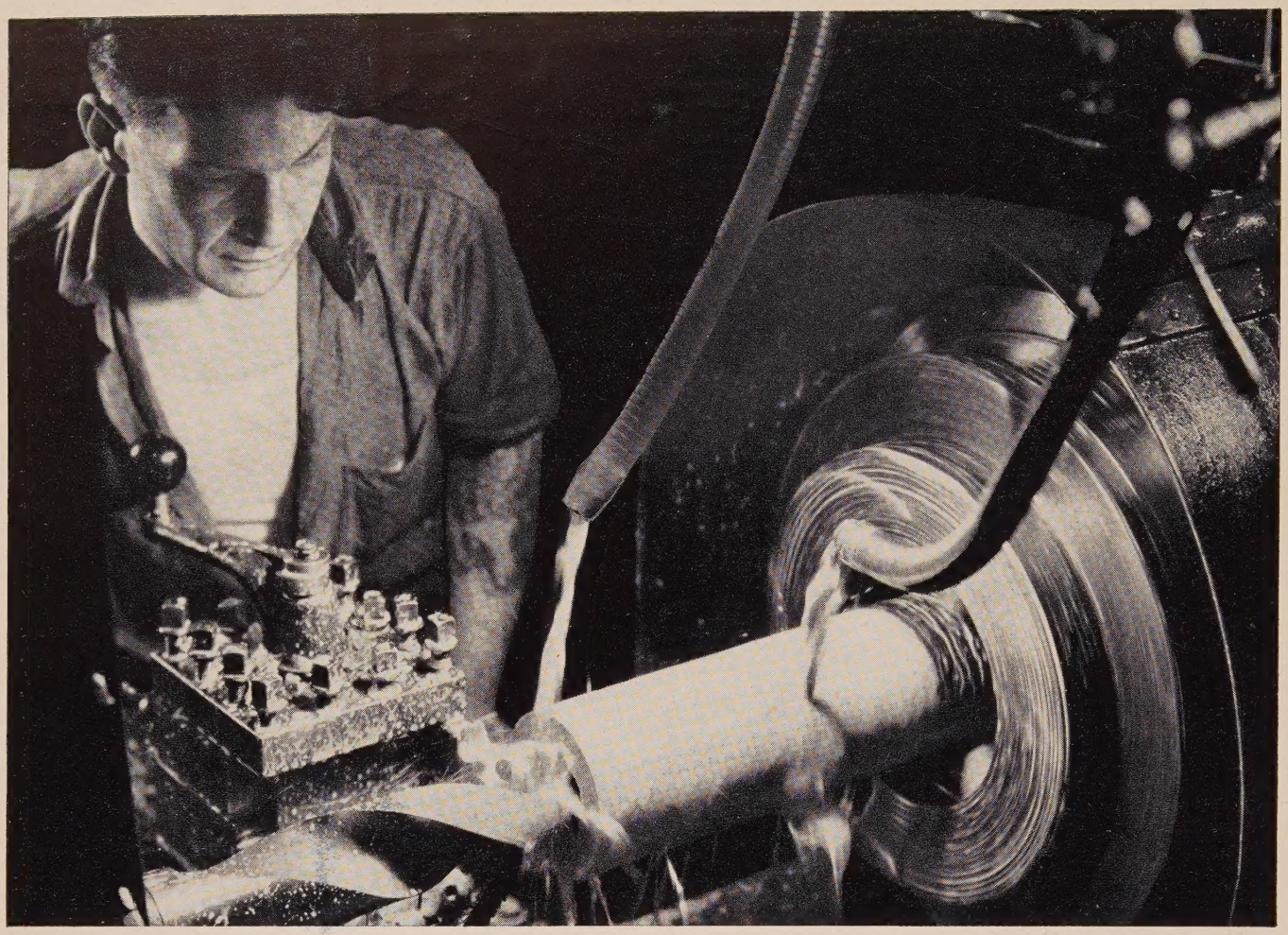

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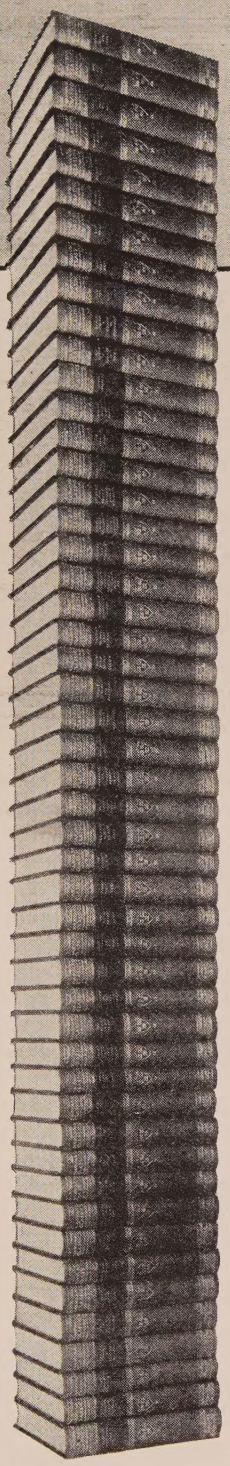

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Give and Take

Little white father

Genola, Ga.—Northerners may feel outraged that Justice Black belonged to the Ku Klux Klan, but the South does not resent it.

There were real reasons why the Ku Klux Klan was organized. The South in the days of Reconstruction was struggling under the grip of the carpetbaggers. The carpetbaggers were kept in office by the Negro vote, while the federal army reinforced the carpetbagger government. The only way that the whites of the South could regain control was to keep the Negroes away from the polls, so the Ku Klux Klan was organized to terrorize them.

The K.K.K. has served a wonderful purpose in the South. It has restored state, county, and local governments to the whites.—*Harbin M. King*

Racket rebel

New York, N. Y.—The government is making a survey of all unemployed. Why not make a survey of all who were formerly in business and quit because of unfair labor-union conditions?

I am down to a small business now from the effects of a labor-union racket. Many of my friends in other lines have been hit as hard. If labor unions get con-

trol of all industry, three times the jobless of today will be unemployed.

The government should have honest agents in every industry to govern the labor situation, to prevent racketeering. Every union and its locals should be policed.—*Reader*

Sun sets for the West

Manila, P. I.—One good result of the present Sino-Japanese war is the final blasting away of the myth of Anglo-Saxon prestige in this part of the world. In the heyday of imperialism it was unthinkable that British and Americans should be driven from their homes and businesses by any mere fight between Orientals. Nowadays they have to get out quick, or take the consequences.

Japan is playing the role of the Great Oriental Bully. Once she showed that she was capable of taking on someone her size—or bigger—when she beat Russia in 1905.

On the other hand, America has beaten only Mexico and Spain, both vastly inferior in resources and in military strength. America stepped into the World War when Germany was exhausted. She has never yet really shown her mettle except against weak nations.

For some time Japan has been knocking chips from Uncle Sam's shoulder, and still he smiles and tries to ignore the challenge. What can the reason be?—*Pedro Syyap*

Diplomatic blackmail

Brooklyn, N. Y.—In the Spanish conflict, fear of infiltration of democratic thought from a leftist government at Madrid unquestionably helped Portugal into the German-Italian camp. Portugal, however, in the Nine-Power conference, has voted, not with Germany, Italy, and Japan, but with Great Britain and France.

Mr. Pound indicates that the sale of Portuguese colonies to Germany would be "the easiest way to unbolt the Rome-Berlin axis." Such a concession would only strengthen the fascist international, stiffen the diplomatic blackmail machine which has produced such fine results, and place the Germans in a stronger position for the war they are preparing.

When will democracies learn that there is no satisfying dictators, that force is the only language Hitler and Mussolini understand?—*Ludwig Lore*

Summer solstice

New York, N. Y.—"Portugal's Choice" is intensely interesting. Arthur Pound clearly develops his thesis not only within the realm of possibility but that of probability, in regard to the disposition of Portugal's colonies.

My fear is that Portugal may misguidedly elect to transfer her colonies to Italy as well as to Germany in return for guaranties of protection, a place in the fascist European sun, and consideration in the way of badly needed money.

Britain and her dominions would object strenuously, of course. But unfortunately the British lion's roar does not terrify or deter as it formerly did, and a *fait accompli* probably would have to be accepted.—*Linton Wells*

Interest—4 per cent

New York, N. Y.—"Portugal's Choice" was a concise and intelligent presentation of a situation that will soon make the headlines, though I do not agree with Mr. Pound that the sale of Portuguese colonies to the "have not" powers would straighten out the situation.

Pre-war Germany never did more than 4 per cent of her foreign trade with her colonies. Nor did her raw-material imports from those colonies amount to more than 2 per cent of her entire raw-material imports. Restoration of colonies to Germany would leave her raw-material problem where it is today—lacking foreign exchange with which to buy needed supplies.—*Johannes Steel*

Mark of intelligence

Old Deerfield, Mass.—Congratulations that you have so splendidly come back into your own—plus the finest features of your "incorporates." "Reading Around the World," "Topics in the News," your clear-cut illustrations and non-partisan articles, all give an intelligent and sane understanding of history in the making.

We cannot be rightly informed without the LITERARY DIGEST!—*Anne J. Biddle*

Poverty and plenty

Fayetteville, Ark.—A "permanent farm program," such as Secretary Wallace proposes in your magazine, is hardly suited to an era wherein change is so drastic. Current prices of cotton and corn are not low from a standpoint of decade average. Market quotations and loading figures reveal that meat prices are rapidly falling.

It might be well if the administration could apply a more satisfying definition of the farmer's "fair share of the national income." What would constitute a starvation dole for a city family can be a highly satisfactory income for a well-placed farm family. A ruinous income from one type of crop, or in one community, can be a generous income from another crop, or in another community.

Secretary Wallace asks storage of food supplies to protect against abnormally high prices in low crop years. Many years' market experience has proved that public buying power, as well as crop tonnage produced, is a powerful factor in establishing food prices.

Mr. Wallace thinks that "farmers should be safeguarded against undue price declines by a system of loans." Are farmers "safeguarded" by "systems of loans?" Are farmers the one productive class vulnerable to "undue price demands?"

Now that the nation has paid billions for agricultural birth control, why should

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"control of agricultural surpluses above the ever-normal granary supply" be a topic of concern? If we must infer an indigenous economy of abundance while legislating support of a synthetic economy of scarcity, why waste public money and patience with the latter?

We have experienced farm production in excess of domestic buying power. But the gulf between *need* and *buying power* is still vast. Ample production, individual enterprise, and natural abundance comprise the best bridge for the great gulf. —*Charles Morrow Wilson*

It won't work

New York, N. Y.—Tax-fund purchases of farm commodities when prices are low meet only moderate public objection; the ever-normal granaries of Secretary Wallace can be filled easily enough.

But there will be a tremendous squawk when crops are poor, supplies scarce, and farmers with poor yields and little to sell are threatened with prices lowered by opening the granary reserves. Political pressure might be expected to wreck the scheme.

The fact that most products considered are affected by world price conditions does not encourage the prospect of easy domestic price control. As has been the case with cotton, our position in world trade is likely to be weakened.

The ever-normal granary is an attractive idea with considerable superficial desirability. Its principal defect is that it won't work.—*Wheeler McMillen, editor, Country Home*

Literary
DIGEST

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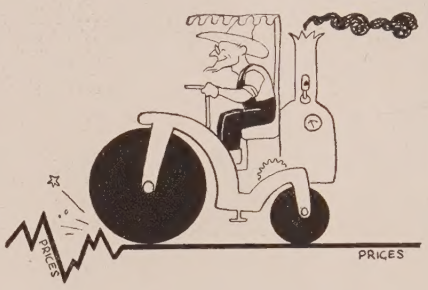
Governor on prices

Des Moines, Ia.—Leveling out of farm prices on a profitable basis to the farmer is essential to national prosperity. Unreasonable and wide fluctuations not only jeopardize the farmers' interests, but result in wide fluctuations in prices to the consumer.

The closing of butcher shops in New York City, because of unreasonable



prices, is as disturbing as ruinous prices to the farmers. High retail meat prices in New York City, however, are not necessarily due to reasonably profitable prices to the farmer.

National legislation, such as recommended by Secretary Wallace, is the only hope for price stabilization to farmers.—*Nelson G. Kraschel, Governor of Iowa*

Damnable

Winthrop, Mass.—What is the matter with the spineless nations across the seas? Lack of courage and coöperation seems to be their chief ailment. Why not create a substantial standing army, taken equally from each nation, to act as a policing system? Then, when either dictators or democratic countries want to grab territory, they'll be met first with fire and afterward with talk.

The belligerent fellow with a sudden crack on the nose is half subdued. With the second and third crack he is fully subdued. If Mussolini had met a half million trained soldiers when crossing the border into Ethiopia, plus the army of that country, there would be no European war today. It is the dictators' damnable spirit of having to do something to justify their existence that causes war.—*Waldo C. Lodge*

Washington's Americans

Philadelphia, Pa.—The criticism by Benjamin F. Stovall of the use of the word "Americans" by citizens of this country shows he has overlooked popular usage dating back to colonial days.

John Witherspoon used the term "Americans" about 1780. Washington, in his farewell address, said "The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations."—*Arthur H. Vail*

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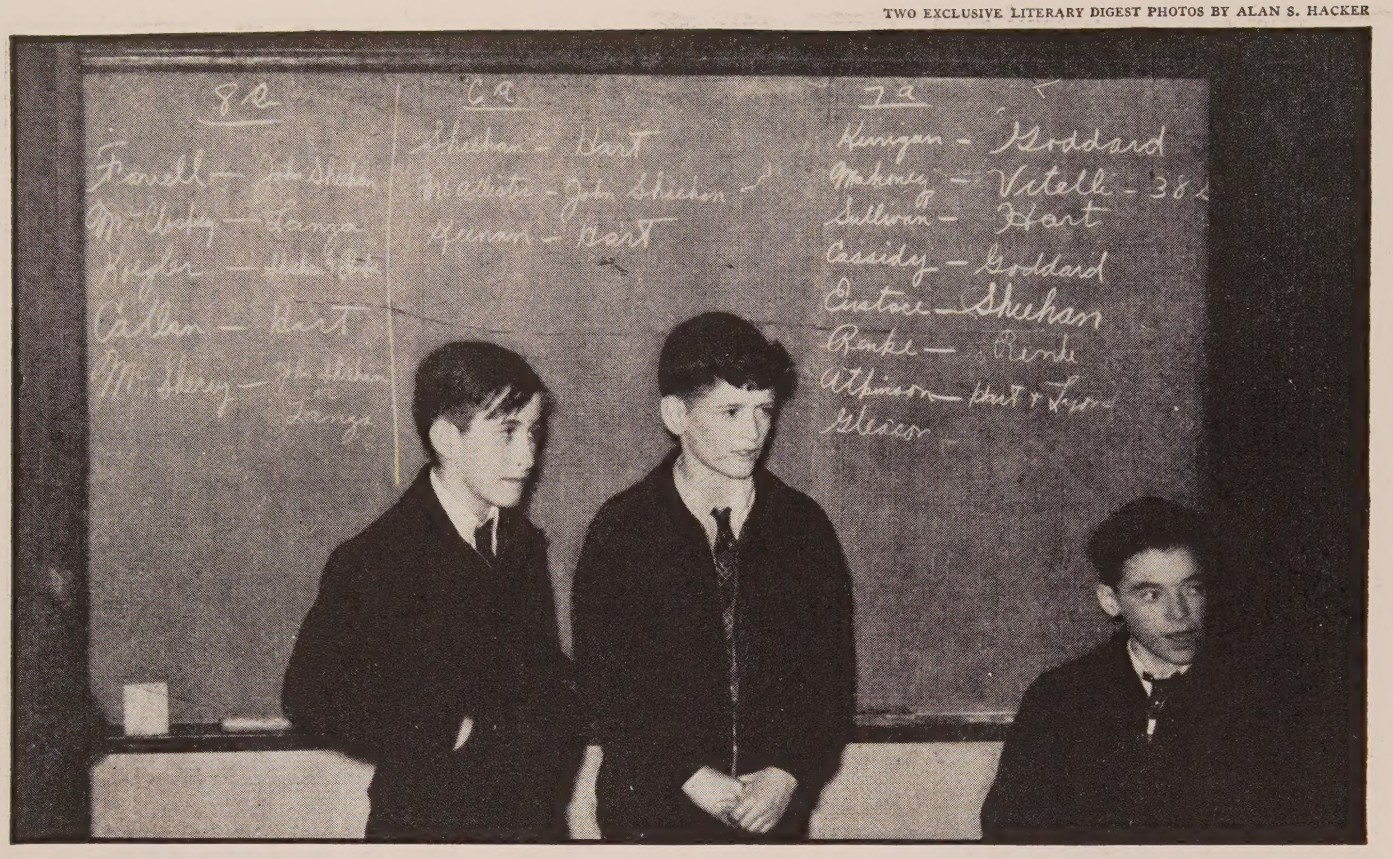

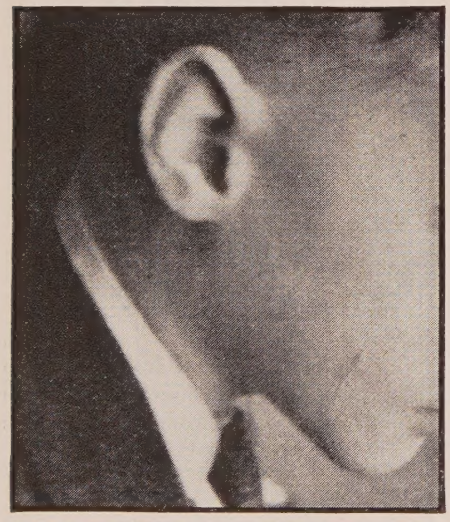

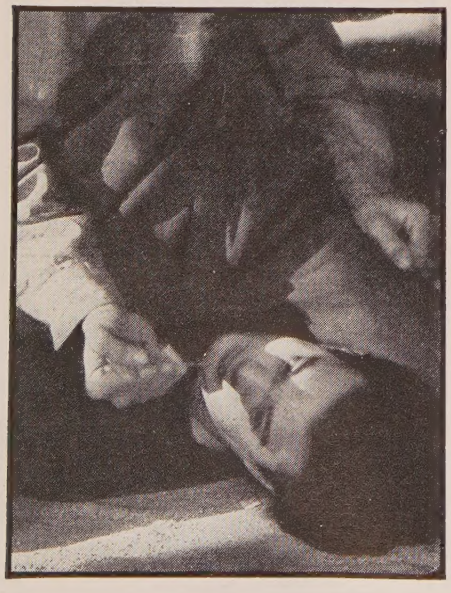

THREE VICTIMS out of forty who were branded by their fellow schoolboys in imitation of the budding criminals of *Dead End* are Masters McSherry, McCloskey, and Farrell. At the left is a close-up of an actual mark. On the blackboard are the names of the victims and the boys who did the job

Just Like the Movies

On a Monday morning in November, more than a dozen boys arrived at St. Gabriel's Parish School in New York with identical marks on their faces—angry red stripes ranging from pin scratches to minor knife cuts that ran diagonally from the middle of the cheek to the chin.

The mysterious epidemic spread until forty children, including a few girls, were so branded. No amount of questioning by disturbed teachers could break the victims' silence as to what the marks meant or how they had been received.

Finally the persistence of Father Bernadine brought a mass confession and a surprising explanation. The week-end picture at a near-by movie house had been *Dead End* and most of the children of the neighborhood had seen it. How much of the powerful and tragic social lesson of the picture impressed itself upon these East Side youngsters is uncertain. One lesson they did learn—how to inflict the mark of the squealer. Not all the victims had squealed; the mark was a warning that *if* any should squeal, the cuts would be inflicted in earnest. This accounted for the children's reluctance to explain.

THE MARK OF THE SQUEALER is inflicted in *Dead End,* movie of poverty and crime, when a member of the youthful gang turns informer

The scratches and cuts healed. There were no cases of blood poisoning. The injuries were not sufficiently serious to justify attention of the police.

But it is not a pretty story. For those opposed to a general censorship, it provides a strong argument that all movies should not be open to persons of all ages, and that legislation is necessary to prevent pictures of this type from giving harmful impressions to immature audiences.

Literary DIGEST

ACME

STRIKE'S END at Pontiac, Michigan, was effected by Homer Martin. Two factions in the United Automobile Workers strive for supremacy: one, headed by Martin, favors a disciplined, centralized union, the other urges independence for locals

Story of a Week

CROSS-SECTION of a week of business recession: In Washington, Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma said the cotton surplus problem would be solved "if we could get the 450,000,000 Chinese to lengthen their shirt-tails half an inch." . . . In New York, several business firms adopted the "Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen" technique to step up business. "Ventriloquists hold complete attention of buyers and deliver sales talks which otherwise might fall flat," remarked a financial reporter. . . . In West Haven, Connecticut, despite the recession, it was announced that Armstrong Rubber would expand. . . . And in Hoboken, New Jersey, a woman, worried over the finances of her brother in Czechoslovakia, said there was nothing left to do but "bring him over here and get him on relief."

BUSINESS slows down

ELSEWHERE, more serious aspects of the business recession absorbed public attention last week. Opinions differed as to its cause and probable duration. They even differed on whether or not the country faces a crisis of grave magnitude. "The nation is entering another economic tailspin," declared John L. Lewis of the C.I.O. "The ravages of industrial recession are a matter of life and death to thousands of workers."

Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana called upon Congress to assure the country that "we do not desire to destroy business." But F. A. Korsmeyer in the *Wall Street Journal* feared that Congress could not help much because "the recession has got beyond the reach of political sunshine treatment and will have to work itself out."

Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan thought government interference with business partly responsible. "Business must not be permitted to run the government," he said, "but unless it is permitted reasonable latitude to run itself, prosperity will die on the vine." Henry Ford, however, remained unperturbed. "No one need look at next year with any uncertainty," he told the Detroit *Free Press*. "The present slow-down is not a setback; it's the pause before another climb."

UNEMPLOYMENT—rising tide

"WE KNOW," complained the National Association of Manufacturers last spring, "that billions of dollars are still being spent to maintain an army of unemployed, an army of which no one

THIS WEEK

Cover design in candid color by Maxwell Frederic Coplan

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LITERARY DIGEST *receives special news service from United Press*

ACME

OPPOSED TO WILDCAT strikes is Homer Martin, former Baptist preacher, now head of the United Automobile Workers, at present negotiating a new contract with the General Motors Corporation

knows the size. . . . The time has come to take stock."

Last month John Biggers, wealthy Toledo glass manufacturer, "took stock" at the President's request. His inventory is to be made public in January, but fears spread last week that the sharp increase in unemployment might antiquate his figures before they are fully compiled.

The other day Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins told a press conference that 80,000 jobholders had been dropped by industry from mid-September to mid-October. From scattered industrial centers in the last two weeks came equally upsetting reports. In Detroit the Chrysler Corporation announced that 10,000 of its 55,000 employees had been laid off "in line with curtailed production schedules." In Pittsburgh, with steel plants running only 30 per cent of capacity level, thousands have been cut from pay rolls while many more thousands are working on share-the-work plans.

"Some departments have been reduced to not more than 3 days a week," reported *Steel,* the iron trade review, "while others are operating not more than 2 days. Producers, as in the past, are attempting to stagger employment. Steel men generally are hopeful for an upturn after the first of the year."

William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, took a somber view of the situation. "For labor," he wrote to Mrs. Mary Norton, chairman of the House Labor Committee, "this recession already has assumed the proportions of a serious depression."

Miss Perkins, on the other hand, was more hopeful. She reminded callers that there had been "an abnormally long period of rising employment before this fall's setback," and that employment always increases in a "choppy manner" as a country emerges from a depression. Her optimism was shared by E. C. Barringer, editor of the *Daily Metal Trade:* "The stagger-the-work program is an indication that the producers expect an upturn comparatively soon."

LABOR'S nod to capital

"IN MY OPINION, Lewis' most important observation can be summarized in these words: Now that the Roosevelt administration is not doing so well, it is up to labor and capital to coöperate in pulling the country out of its labor troubles."

So wrote Eleanor M. Patterson, editor and publisher of the Washington *Herald,* the other day in a copyrighted interview with John L. Lewis, chairman of the C.I.O.

Commentators immediately ascribed the C.I.O. leader's conciliatory attitude to the effects of the industrial recession upon his labor group. "He is trimming sail in order to carry his organization through the difficult period which he sees ahead," declared Raymond Clapper of the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance. "He is anxious not to rock the boat. That may be a surprise to a good many employers, but it ought to be a welcome surprise."

"The trade recession, the loss of the steel strike and internal dissension in various C.I.O. unions have combined to bring about a drastic drop in dues collections," asserted B. C. Good, in the New York *Journal of Commerce.* "Virtually all the C.I.O. unions are affected by this situation, even well established units."

C.I.O. officials issued sharp denials. They said that dues were coming in "pretty regularly" and that all the unions had "fairly substantial" treasuries from which national dues were paid.

Meanwhile, though sporadic sit-downs were called off in General Motors plants, the United Automobile Workers (C.I.O. affiliate) pressed its fight to organize Henry Ford's plant in St. Louis. As the first week ended, no definite results were apparent. Richard T. Frankensteen, union vice-president, claimed 100 per cent organization of the plant and established a strong picket line. But production continued, though at a reduced rate.

NEW HOMES for prosperity

IN 1933, to pull the country out of a major depression, the first New Deal fostered a huge public works program financed with federal funds. In 1938, to push the country out of the present recession, the second New Deal will foster a huge housing program—but financed with private capital.

"Since 1933," declared President Roosevelt, in a special message to Congress on housing last week, "we have had a great recovery movement in which housing construction has played only a minor part. . . . Though much has been done to encourage construction activity, the results have not yet been satisfactory. Instead of a seasonal rise in housing construction through the last spring and summer, there was an early downturn."

To revive the construction industries, he outlined the following proposals:

(1) Indefinite postponement of the expiration date for activities of the Federal Housing Administration. (2) Creation of national mortgage associations, capitalized at $50,000,000, to guarantee loans up to twenty times their capitalization, or $1,000,000,000 (capital for these mortgage associations would be supplied by the RFC). (3) Increase in amount of individual FHA loans. (4) Issuance of blanket mortgages to cover entire housing projects, rather than individual units alone.

One part of the President's message dealt wholly with the Little Fellow.

"Housing construction," the President declared, "has not kept pace with either the needs or growth of our population." He pointed to the years 1930-37, wherein an average of 180,000 new dwellings were constructed each year, in contrast with the average of 800,000 each year between 1923-29.

He added: "We could build over the next five years 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 housing units, which at a moderate esti-

FAKE—Joseph Dunninger, magician, calls the perennial Indian rope trick, and shows how it is done without supernatural aid. Mr. Dunninger has a standing offer of $10,000 for a ghost

INTERNATIONAL

CURRENT OPINION: on the business recession and policies of the administration

THE next thirty days will be as important as any in the history of this republic. They will determine whether a business recession snowballs into a serious depression and a social crisis. For the capacity of this country to weather another depression, before the serious social, economic and political effects of the last one have worn off, is one great big question mark.

It is the belief of this column that this recession can be halted, provided that seven things occur:

(1) That a genuinely equitable settlement is reached on the utilities question. (2) That the railroads are salvaged. (3) That the system of federal taxation is revised to furnish incentive for capital investment and reëmployment. (4) That no farm bill is passed which will reintroduce the radical planning features of the AAA. (5) That no legislation is passed which will have the effect of seriously increasing production costs. (6) That some new great horizontal expansion is given impetus, which will not make a drain on the public purse—probably in housing. (7) That the budget is not seriously unbalanced.—*Dorothy Thompson in New York Herald Tribune.*

ACME

Dorothy Thompson

The criminals in high places have gone on strike against recovery. And they are trying to hold up the government at the point of a gun. Why this epidemic of lay-offs? Why the closing of factories? The outstanding feature of the economic situation is that the decline is being deliberately aggravated by big business and transformed into a threat of a new depression.—*Daily Worker (Communist).*

Coolidge was not responsible for the Coolidge boom. Hoover was not responsible for the Hoover depression. Roosevelt was not responsible for Roosevelt recovery nor is he responsible for Roosevelt recession. The trade of the world moves in currents deeper than any man can sound, certainly stronger than any man can stem or beckon.—*Emporia (Kans.) Gazette.*

The President must come forward with an affirmative and positive program carrying the courageous and effective ring he has so often used in the past, free from class consciousness and filled with healing comfort and hope for the whole people.—*Max Gardner, former Governor of North Carolina.*

This is the testing-time not merely of the Roosevelt administration, but, even more significantly, of the vision and gallantry of business. Business leaders must move swiftly to regain the sound position they lost in 1929. This they can do by supporting the government heartily and imaginatively in return for the relief which they have been promised. —*Atlanta Constitution.*

What is to be done? This is not a 1929; fundamentally the position is much less unsound. The consumer's purchasing power, on one hand, is well maintained; and, on the other, the country is undersupplied rather than glutted with capital goods. There are many forms which action could take, all of which are familiar to the authorities at Washington and could be applied.—*The Economist (London).*

It isn't the lack of pump-priming that has slowed the industrial machine. It's the chains which the government has wrapped around the pump. Forget the pump-priming! Take the chains off the pump!—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

They are held apart, the government and business are paralyzed by suspicion that greatly exceeds anything that the facts themselves warrant. The President and many of his advisers grossly overestimate the intelligence and the resolution of their opponents; they are disposed to believe that they are beset by an opposition that is highly organized and has untold resourcefulness. But there is no such opposition.

And by the same token, the anxious conservatives have a conception of the President which greatly exaggerates his intelligence at the expense of his character. In their more excited moods they think of him as the center of a revolutionary movement, even of a conspiracy, to establish a radically different social order. They are mistaken, I feel sure. Mr. Roosevelt is stubborn, and often he is vindictive, but he is no revolutionist. He is always an improviser with the deep respect of the practicing politician for election returns.—*Walter Lippmann in New York Herald Tribune.*

Walter Lippmann

What is necessary is for Congress to demonstrate clearly that it means to see that the persecution of successful business is brought to an end. A second condition, if private capital is to bring the recession to a speedy end, is for Congress to repeal those acts of previous congresses which make business unprofitable.—*Chicago Tribune.*

To report that the recession has forced President Roosevelt to adopt a more conciliatory attitude and has given Congress an excuse to follow its own head is all very well, but it is no guaranty of practical results. The President has made some passes that would make it appear that he earnestly desires to stimulate business, but these are still colored by the feeling that business has done him dirt.—*Business Week.*

With the exercise of ordinary prudence, there is no reason why we should suffer any prolonged recession. Despite some maladjustments, which can be corrected, underlying conditions are not unfavorable.—*Franklin D. Roosevelt.*

mate of $4000 per unit would mean spending from $12,000,000,000 to $16,000,000,000 without creating a surplus of housing."

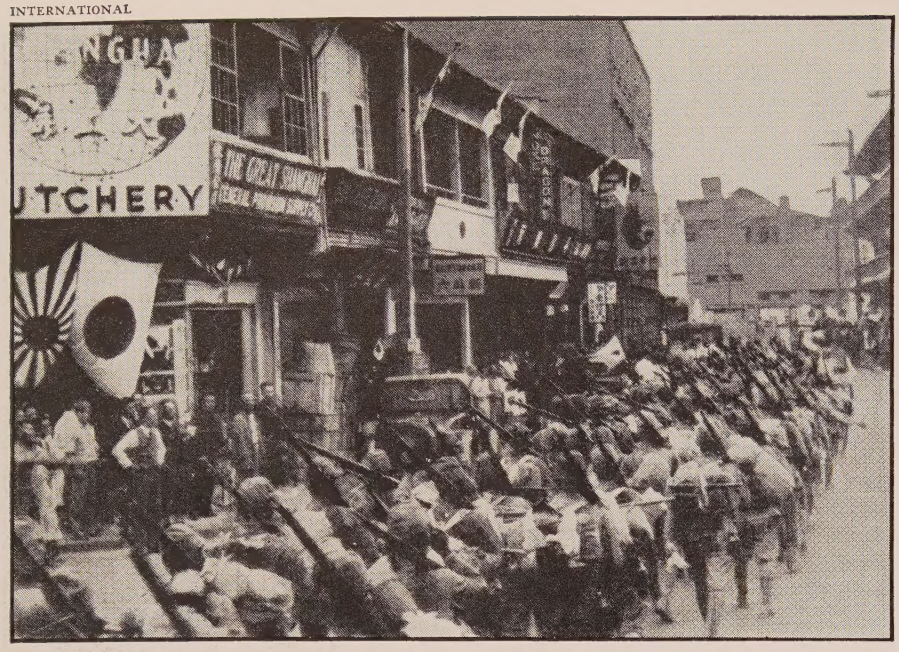
For the Little Fellow, Mr. Roosevelt proposed: (1) Reduction of the maximum mortgage interest and service charges from 5½ to 5 per cent. (2) Halving of down payment from 20 per cent to 10 per cent of mortgage, provided the property's value does not exceed $6000.

Under the present FHA setup, the Little Fellow pays for a $4000 home as follows: First, he plumps down 20 per cent ($800) of the purchase price; then he pays off the balance over a period of 19½ years in monthly installments (which include amortization of the mortgage interest and mortgage insurance; but not taxes or other insurance). These monthly payments on the $3200 loan begin at $24.08 and wind up at $21.47.

Under President Roosevelt's proposed formula, he would have to plump down only $400, and would pay off the $3600 balance in monthly payments starting at $27.10 and finishing with $21.72.

"Housing must be produced at prices, rates and rents that the mass of our peo-

INTERNATIONAL



JAPANESE FLAGS (hanging below an ironic sign at the upper left) decorate the streets of Shanghai as Japanese troops march through the conquered city

ple can afford to pay," the President warned construction companies. "This will mean a larger annual wage for labor because of the larger amount of employment than is possible at high hourly rates with periods of unemployment."

Reactions to the message appear below.

CRACK at Los Angeles

"CHEER UP, Folks! Los Angeles Slide Not Serious (Their Publicity Man Says So)," read a gibing headline in the San Francisco *Chronicle* the other day when Mayor Frank L. Shaw of Los Angeles appointed a Creeping Cliff Public Relations Commission. He wanted to reassure the world that Buena Vista, the moving mountain in his Elysian Park, did not threaten disaster to the city. The 350-foot peak has sunk five feet in a month, leaving a yawning chasm.

Mayor Shaw was worried because "they think in New York that the entire city is drifting into the Pacific Ocean." So Gilbert L. Skutt, his Superintendent of Parks, told the press to "say that the area involved amounts only to about 6 acres."

Mr. Skutt insisted: "Only about ten houses . . . might be handicapped should a slide occur." A slide did occur, 1,000,000 tons of the bluff burying Riverside Drive under forty feet of debris and ending up in the bed of the Los Angeles River.

"Elysian Park's restless mountain dropped to its knees," the Los Angeles *Times* declared. The Los Angeles *Examiner* used such phrases as: "Like icebergs falling from a prodigious glacier . . . catapulted like a Niagara . . . unearthly display of pyrotechnics."

To more prosaic geologists, the slide appeared to be caused by years of seepage of the Los Angeles River, and the consequent softening of the sandstone strata which support the weight of the mountain. To Walter O'Keefe, however, writing for the New York *World-Telegram,* "the mountain is simply going over to the Paramount lot for a close-up."

LIKE disliked

"DID YOU learn to use 'like' that way at Groton or Harvard or where?" asked Professor Janet R. Aiken of Columbia University in an open letter to President Roosevelt, published in the December issue of *Better English.* She quoted the President as saying at Cheyenne, Wyoming, recently: "Engineers are human just like I am"; and at Boise, Idaho, "Just like the plain folks like all of us are." Stenographic transcriptions proved she was right in the first case, wrong in the second.

The incident revived the old battle between "like" and "as," exemplified, according to the Boston *Herald,* in the memorable lines, "I love you like the dewdrop loves the rose," and "A drug store has an odor like a livery stable

HOUSING MESSAGE: Experts in and out of editorial chairs on President's proposals

THE PLAIN INFERENCE, which the President did not put in words, was that labor should proceed to cut its daily wages in the building trades under an arrangement that would balance the cut with more days of work in the year. None of this part of the message will be liked by the A.F. of L. or the C.I.O. They are afraid that a reduction in the daily scale of building artisans would be used as a club to hammer down daily scales in other trades.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Prohibitive costs will keep capital out of new construction. No legislation ignoring the labor angle can change this.—*Business Chronicle.*

If the President can put over his plan and arouse consumer demand, it will prove a general aid to business over a long-time period. While the government is taking undue risk in insuring 90 per cent, the possible resultant drain on the Treasury is better than direct relief.—*Bank News (Kansas City).*

The psychological value of Roosevelt's housing scheme is high. The practical value is low.—*Chicago Journal of Commerce.*

This program will give a stimulus to building.—*Senator Wagner (New York).*

Naturally labor is interested in the recommendations the President has made and will be particularly interested in any plan to increase the annual wage of workers in the building industry. However, the difficulties of arranging that in the building industry are great.—*William Green, President, A.F. of L.*

The higher annual wage part of the President's message will not work out. The President has been talking about it ever since he got into office, and it isn't practical.—*John Coefield, President, A.F. of L. Plumbers Union.*

The President's message represents to the building and construction industry a veritable charter of new life and vitality for an erstwhile dormant section of the business world. It provides for practically every need to start the flow of capital into channels now dried up.—*Clarence M. Woolley, President, American Radiator Co.*

These measures, properly carried out, will augment the interrupted building revival very considerably, but they will not produce a greatly expanded housing program quickly. It took England eight years to create a home-building industry, and we will not do the job in a week.—*Thomas S. Holden, President, New York Building Congress.*

ain't." It also recalled the fact that other famous men have stumbled.

Andrew Jackson had a robust contempt for formal diction. He averaged a dozen vulgarisms a day and even sought to revise the pronunciation of certain words. "Development," he insisted, should be pronounced "deveLOPment." Teddy Roosevelt caused a stir among both politicians and grammarians in 1908 by declaring "It's Taft or me." Harding was joshed for resurrecting "normalcy."

As for the "like-as" trouble, it was a pitfall for such masterful word-handlers as Southey, Darwin, and Shakespeare. It was like as if they couldn't avoid it.

P.R. in practice

PROPORTIONAL representation, dubbed P.R., is in use in a score of countries, including the British Dominions, Scandinavia, Holland, and Switzerland. In this country it is used by Cincinnati, Toledo, and Hamilton, Ohio; Wheeling, West Virginia; and Boulder, Colorado.

P.R., designed to give representation to political parties in proportion to the votes they poll, last month received its most important trial in this country: a city council was elected under the system in New York on November 2. Hitherto, in predominantly Democratic New York, the old system of majority rule had submerged all other parties and made the city's legislature practically 100 per cent Democratic. The expiring body, for example, has 62 Democrats and 3 Republicans. This year, however, under the new plan, New York elected a multipartisan body, the long-drawn-out count of the ballots indicated last week.

Democrats won 14 seats, a bare majority of the total of 26. The Republicans will hold 3 seats. The remainder will be distributed among minor groups which support Mayor LaGuardia: American Labor Party (5 seats), City Fusionists (3), and Independents (1). Nearly all the non-Democratic councilmen were endorsed by the Citizens' Non-Partisan Committee, headed by Samuel Seabury, whose investigation of Mayor James J. Walker's regime led to the LaGuardia reform victories of 1933 and '37.

Judge Seabury termed the results a vindication of the soundness of P.R. He urged that the system be extended to the New York legislature to make it "truly representative" and develop "the best, instead of the worst," type of legislator.

Samuel Untermyer, lawyer and Tammany strategist, replied that Judge Seabury's plan would "signalize the death knell of popular government, since it would substitute irresponsible personal government" for party responsibility.

The New York *World-Telegram* (Ind.), however, concluded that "P.R. has made good in improving the quality of . . . the Council and breaking Tammany's old notorious unfair predominance."

Outside of New York City, opinion was mixed. To the Rochester *Democrat & Chronicle* (Rep.), P.R. "apparently has done all its sponsors could reasonably expect. No party group will have a preponderance. The Council as a result can put its attention fairly on the problems of the city and the policies the Fusion administration will carry further in its second term." The Troy *Times Record* (Ind.) called P.R. "theoretically ideal, but practically it has proved to be a dud. If a way can be devised to retain the good points, without more than balancing them with bad, an advance has been made. Otherwise P.R. must be left to smaller communities."

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTO FROM NEWS PHOTOS

BELOVED WAR HERO, General Henri Gouraud (left), the Lion of Champagne, who, in command of French and American troops, broke the German offensive in 1918, resigns from the post of Military Governor of Paris. His successor is General Gaston Billotte

PUPPET HEAD of Japan's new autonomous state in Inner Mongolia will probably be Prince Teh (here seen shaking hands with a Japanese officer) in accordance with Japan's policy of installing a shadow ruler to govern a puppet state

WIDE WORLD

CHAIN gangs dropped

FIVE YEARS AGO, Governor Moore of New Jersey refused to permit extradition of Robert E. Burns, who had twice escaped from the penal camps of Georgia and who wrote *I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang.*

"Neither the Governor of New Jersey nor anyone else," declared Richard B. Russell, Jr., then Governor of Georgia, "has any right to insult the State of Georgia by declining to honor an extradition for a convict on the ground that our state is uncivilized and backward, inhumane to prisoners, and barbarous in her punishment."

However, attacks on the state's prison system continued, coming to a climax recently when Massachusetts likewise refused to return a prisoner to Georgia. Last week Governor E. D. Rivers of Georgia abolished chain gangs and ended the argument. In a statement to the LITERARY DIGEST, Governor Rivers said:

"The name 'chain gang,' as applied to prison camps in Georgia, is a misnomer. The fact is that only those prisoners who are incorrigible and so obstreperous that they persist in trying to escape have shackles put on them in the highway camps. These shackles are in the form of an iron band which fits around each leg, with sufficient length of chain between the two bands to permit free movement of the prisoner while walking or working, but prevents to an extent free movement of the prisoner in escaping.

"There has been so much exaggerated publicity about this that Georgia, out

WIDE WORLD

SECRET STORE of arms recently discovered by the Paris police is thought to belong to Les Cagoulards, the French pro-monarchist secret society

of a desire to remove any vestige of a base for such complaints, has decided to discard this entirely and send such type of prisoners for confinement in the new prison in Tattnall County."

The Prison Industries Reorganization Administration, created by President Roosevelt in 1935 to study employment of convicts, told the President with "deep satisfaction" of Governor Rivers' "liberal and progressive" intention to eliminate chain gangs and to reorganize Georgia's whole prison system. "Without violating humane considerations," declared the Macon (Ga.) *Telegraph*, the new plan will "maintain discipline and security."

PETS for the emotions.

FIFTY years ago a 13-year-old Austrian boy landed in America with a mandolin under his arm and three cents in his pocket. He squandered the money on an apple, found a $2-a-week job and bought a canary for companionship. Later he worked his way through medical school, brought home a garden snake which he cooped in his mandolin, added another canary to his entourage, studied hard and became a great psychiatrist.

His name was Abraham Arden Brill. Today he lectures on psychoanalysis and psychosexual sciences at Columbia University. He has two new canaries, a trained bullfinch and a troupial, and used to have a talking starling, a "marvel."

Recently, at a bird exhibit in New York, he told reporters that every adult and child should have pets "because of the emotional outlet they provide." Nothing better around the house than pets, he said. "Birds are better than fish, but dogs are better than birds. It takes a long time to train a fish to come to you."

"Why didn't he say something about cats?" asked Elmer Davis, newspaper man and author, in a letter to the New York *Times*. "To the dog his master is a Fuehrer who is always right." But "the reserved and temperate esteem which the cat bestows on human beings who share his home, when he finds them worthy of it, is surely a more profound compliment than the dog's uncritical and slavish loyalty."

In other parts of the country, at much the same time, pets were responsible for an outlet of conflicting emotions. In Los Angeles, says the United Press, neighbors brought a woman to court because her two pet lions roared at them as they passed by. In Philadelphia, according to the *Record*, the scandalous language of Putsy, a disorderly parrot, upset spectators at a tony bird show. And at a joint cat and rat show at Stockport, New York, declares Dorothy Dayton in the New York *Sun*, Marvella, a prominent Siamese cat, made a threatening gesture at Minnie, a rat of aristocratic lineage. The rat, indignant, bit the cat's paw. Marvella's sponsor protested against "subjecting well-bred cats to the danger of being exhibited with rats and mice." "Minnie's action," retorted her owner, "was purely in self-defense."

HOODED MEN in France

"RESTORATION of the monarchy in France?" laughed the literary French Abbé Dimnet, on a visit to Pennsylvania some days ago. "Not a chance. No one takes the Pretender seriously."

But Marx Dormoy, French Minister of Interior, did not dismiss the matter so easily. For many days his gendarmes had been hunting down conspirators and unearthing hidden loads of munitions al-

CURRENT OPINION*: The press of France reverberates to charges of a Cagoulard plot

FOR WEEKS, Minister of Interior Marx Dormoy has been amusing the gallery with a serial thriller of the Cagoulards and feeding the revolutionary press. There have been arrested, without the slightest regard for legality, personalities of the political world whose reputations are above suspicion and who have always shown themselves faithful servitors of France at the risk of their lives.—*Echo de Paris (rightist)*.

The country expects of a government supported by the Popular Front an effective protection against fascists. Noting that the fascist coup was prepared with considerable material, they want to know what financial and economic powers, what influential personalities, procured them. They demand an investigation pushed to the end, and the arrest of all those guilty. —*Humanité* (*Communist*).

The affair is all the more grave as its center is reported not in France. It seems, in fact, that the documents discovered include a very clear allusion to this subject. The executive committee of this secret committee for revolutionary action may be established in Germany.—*Populaire* (*Socialist*).

They imagine that it is the trial of [the accused] Duke Pozzo di Borgo and General Duseigneur that they are going to bring before the assizes and high court. In reality it is the trial of their republic of politicians, their regime of disorder, impotence, and anarchy that will be brought to light before a revolted France.—*La Victoire (rightist)*.

The son of our Pretender maintained the closest relations with the chiefs of the French fascists. He is far from interesting himself exclusively in the royalist movement. Remember that the military equipment seized in the arms cache was of a color called royal blue. Was this a mere coincidence?—*Paris-Soir* (*liberal*).

*By cable to the Literary Digest

legedly to be utilized in a widespread coup by Cagoulards (Hooded Ones) against the French republican government.

Said M. Dormoy: "The Cagoulard conspiracy is a veritable plot against republican institutions. We are faced by an organization copied on principles of an army."

Other observers compared the right-wing Hooded Ones to the left-wing Trotskyites whom Russia has been purging for sixteen months. But chateaux with secret passages and hidden explosives added a romantic touch to the French plot which has been lacking in the Russian man hunt for enemies of the state.

French bankers, ex-ministers, military men, dukes, peasants, fliers, fascists, and royalists, among others have been taken into custody. Captured documents, it is charged, indicate a concrete Cagoulard organization consisting of a general staff, intelligence service, vast arms supplies, divisions, brigades, and regiments outlined on paper.

The exiled pretender to the French throne, the Duke of Guise, recently appealed from Belgium to "his" people to accept a royal referee, neither rightist nor leftist, to guide them away from their "dictatorial" republican leaders. The Duke himself was to be the referee, enthroned in his ancestral Paris.

Traces of the Cagoulard conspiracy were said by police to form a network all over France, and both the Germans and the Spanish rebels were blamed for inciting and abetting it. Pro and con, right and left, the volatile French press went into an uproar, as our box of conflicting quotations on page 10 indicates.

CONFIDENCES in London

LAST WEEK Premier Camille Chautemps of France and his Foreign Minister, Yvon Delbos, went to London to confer with members of the British cabinet, primarily Premier Neville Chamberlain and Foreign Minister Anthony Eden. This diplomatic visit followed closely after the recent confidential trip of Lord Halifax, British President of the Council, to Hitler and General Goering.

On the Halifax visit, much went on behind the scenes, but very little was revealed to a waiting world. The Chautemps visit followed suit, although there are various diagnoses of what the British, French and Germans have been discussing —mostly colonial questions.

Britain's objective, cables John Elliott, *Herald Tribune* correspondent in Paris, is "to purchase security for her colonies by conceding to Germany the right to expand in Central Europe" and "to persuade the French statesmen to abandon France's allies in Central Europe [Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Romania, Poland] and the Franco-Soviet pact."

On the other hand, the French objective, Elliott continues, is "to convince their allies on the other side of the Channel that Britain's interests, no less than France's, are bound up in seeing to it that the independence of the Danubian states is maintained unimpaired."

Izvestia of Moscow, official Russian organ, nervously figured the British position as follows: "Recent speeches of members of the British government show a tendency toward a serious change of English policy, with a renunciation of the League of Nations and collective security, which may leave the small countries in Central Europe at the mercy of aggressors."

To the London *Times* all this is wild alarmism. Said the *Times*: "The peace-minded can best serve peace for the moment by ceasing to agitate themselves and others with morbid fancies about corrupt understandings, trampled Austrians, and bartered Czechs. It will be time enough to protest against the British government's crooked or criminal intentions when there is some evidence that it possesses them."

KNOCKOUT try by Franco

"I WILL impose my will by victory." Thus General Franco, leader of insurgent Spain, last week spiked reports that he had asked the loyalist government to surrender by December 5. Loyalists were equally vehement in their denials of the report. "There is no possibility of any armistice," said General Miaja, hero of the defense of Madrid.

Bearing out their words, both sides dug in along the 900-mile front which stretches from the Sierra Nevada range in southern Spain to the Pyrenees in the north. Military experts expected the rebels to launch a new drive, in preparation since mid-November, which would be the long-awaited climax—the knock-out blow—of the civil war.

Having already massed his navy off the Mediterranean coast-line still held by the loyalist government, Franco last week proclaimed a blockade of loyalist ports. "All vessels which attempt to enter government ports will be attacked," insurgent headquarters announced. To loyalists this threat was merely a "paper blockade," for Franco, they declared, lacks the ships to make his blockade effective.

With 35 of Spain's 50 provinces at his back, Franco can now do one of three things, according to the Barcelona correspondent of the London *Times*: "(1) march on Madrid; (2) strike at the Republican forces in front of Saragossa [in northeastern Spain] constituting the flower of the Republican army; or (3) drive forward from Teruel [midway between Barcelona and Madrid] to the sea.

"The loss of Madrid might have a devastating effect on Republican morale; a defeat at Saragossa would leave Catalonia, last refuge of the republican government, open to invasion; while the arrival of the Nationalists at Castellon [on the coast] would split the remaining republican territory in twain, isolate the ports southward, and maroon Madrid."

LEADERS for tomorrow

OLIVER CROMWELL'S son, Richard, could not carry on after his famous father's death—for want of training in the art of dictatorship. Napoleon had no

GAS MASQUERADE for very small Englishmen was held at Hawkhurst, Kent, when experts from the Home Office experimented fitting gas masks to tiny children in a widespread British campaign for preparedness in case of air raids

INTERNATIONAL

WIDE WORLD

BIGGEST DOG in biggest dog show (at Chicago) is Mrs. William B. Egan's 140-pound great Dane, Don Juan Patro, who turns a hungry eye on the smallest entry, a 2-pound Chihuahua imposingly named Aula-of-Brac-Tarh

adequate dictatorial successor. Mussolini is said to be grooming his son-in-law, Foreign Minister Count Ciano, to carry on after him. "But," said the Duke of Guise, pretender to the French throne, in a manifesto a few days ago, "in totalitarian states dictators maintain themselves at the top only by following a policy of prestige; in life they may be forced to gamble with the fate of their countries, while their death is a signal for all kinds of intrigue."

So that Germany may prove an exception to the rule that strong dictators find weak successors, her Labor Front Minister, Dr. Robert Ley, has just announced a seventeen-year course to prepare future nazi leaders. Hitler himself declared, in a concurrent speech, that this new German school system for future dictators was to "teach the art of leading the people, realized in such a unique manner by the National Socialist party."

According to a dispatch from Berlin to the New York *Times* (here condensed), the system is to work as follows:

"The future rulers, like priests, will be picked from all classes of society. They are to be educated wholly at the party's expense and sifted progressively so that from the many called only a few will be chosen.

"The training will begin in special Adolf Hitler schools, of which there will be thirty-two—one in each province. There, 4000 picked from the brightest boys in the Hitler Youth movement will stay from their twelfth to eighteenth years.

"For the following seven years they will be released for a practical life. They must learn a trade or profession, serve their terms in the labor and military services, and continue training in practical political work.

"After the seven-year period the 1000 best of the 4000 will be picked for higher education in four castles of the National Socialist party for four years.

"The best few of the thousand will finally be selected for training in a finishing school in Bavaria. The training will be educational, ideological, and physical.

"The larger part of the money for this educational system is being furnished by the Labor Front, which has an income of approximately 300,000,000 marks ($120,000,000) yearly in workers' dues."

WICZ to aitis

LAST WEEK Lithuania's patriotic parliament passed a law which changes the surnames of many of her two million citizens. Until 1918 Lithuania—north of Poland, for which she bears no great love—was a province of Czarist Russia. Thereafter she became independent. Now Slavic Russian or Polish endings on Lithuanian names must be changed to native Lithuanian endings.

Says the United Press: "Lithuanians claim, for instance, that the correct name of the poet Adam Mickiewicz would be Mickaitis; and they propose a similar change in all Lithuanian names ending in -wicz, etc. The law applies only to names of Lithuanian origin having foreign endings. Entirely foreign names, like Smith or Bauer, would be unaltered."

Nationalism in names thus sweeps the world, as Ireland changes her name to native Eire, Bohemia to native Czechy, Japan to native Nippon, Persia to native Iran, Constantinople to native Istanbul, Christiania to native Oslo, and Petersburg to native Leningrad. Meanwhile in Germanic South Tyrol, annexed to Italy after the war, Teuton mountaineers must give their flaxen-headed children Italian first names—whereby Kurt becomes Curzio, and Hans becomes Giovanni.

PEOPLE of a week

Birth—To *Silvia Mussolini,* niece of Premier Benito Mussolini, of Italy, and wife of the editor of the newspaper *Popolo d'Italia,* a son.

Engagements—*Miss Katherine Rawls,* veteran of two American Olympic swimming teams and holder of twenty-seven individual national championships, and *William Starr,* Daytona Beach, Florida, newspaper man. . . . *Miss Elizabeth Gibson,* daughter of C. Huntly Gibson, a director of the American Tobacco Company, and *Stewart Bryan,* son of John Stewart Bryan, president of William and Mary College and publisher of the Richmond *News Leader.*

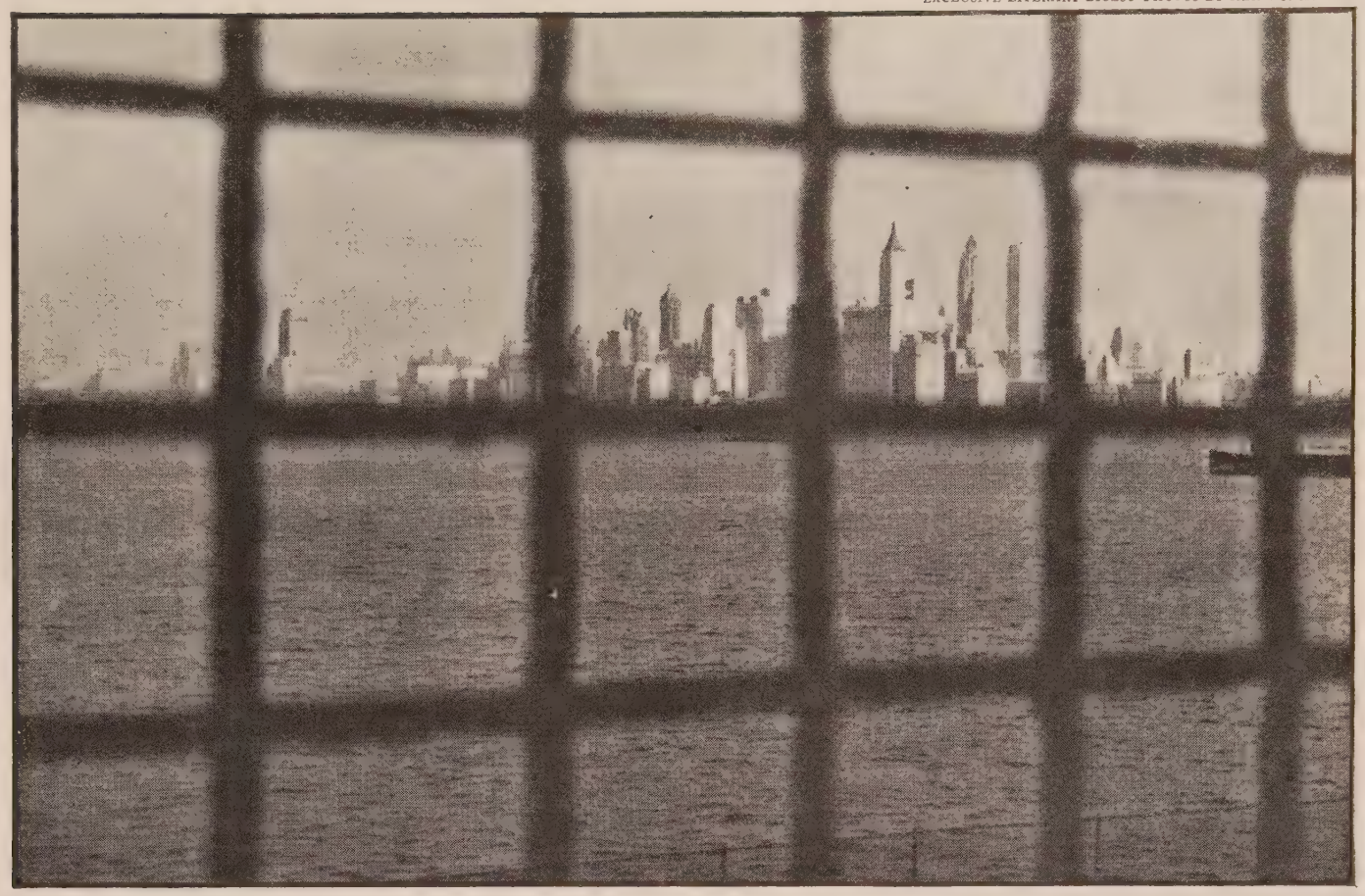
Marriages—*Princess Baba,* otherwise known as Valerie Brooke, youngest daughter of the British Rajah of Sarawak, and *Bob Gregory,* claimant to the European catch-as-catch-can wrestling title. The Princess' father, Sir Charles Brooke, the only white Rajah in the world, rules a patch of North Borneo. . . . *Captain Harry W. Lyon,* U. S. Navy, retired, navigator of the *Southern Cross,* first plane to fly the Pacific, and *Miss Thelma Bradbury,* Norway, Maine, nurse. . . . *Miss Betty Grable,* screen actress, and *Jackie Coogan,* fifteen years ago a child star of the silent movies.

Birthdays—*Mrs. James H. R. Cromwell,* the former Doris Duke, heiress to the vast fortune left by her father, James Buchanan Duke, former president of the American Tobacco Company, her twenty-fifth. By her father's will, Mrs. Cromwell received the second one-third of the Doris Duke Trust which her father created, adding roughly $10,000,000 to her fortune. . . . *Vice President John Nance Garner,* his sixty-ninth. . . . *Senator Alben W. Barkley,* of Kentucky, his sixtieth.

Award—To *Henry L. Doherty,* president of the Cities Service Company, the Anthony F. Lucas Gold Medal for distinguished achievement in improving the practice of finding and producing petroleum.

Deaths—*Douglas Vickers,* 76, former chairman of the armament firm of Vickers, Ltd. . . . *Albert Sidney Burleson,* 74, Postmaster General in the cabinet of President Woodrow Wilson. . . . *Philip de Laszlo,* 68, who rose from a humble Budapest birth to become the most fashionable portrait painter of the century. . . . *Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose,* 78, Hindu savant and India's foremost scientist. . . . *Dexter W. Fellows,* 66, colorful dean of circus press agents. . . . *Jay F. Carlisle,* 69, former Governor of the N. Y. Stock Exchange.

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY ALAN S. HACKER



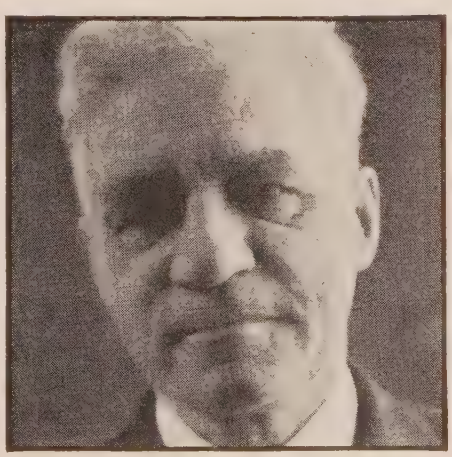
BARRED from the promised land, aliens gaze at Manhattan from Ellis Island's isolation

Uncle Sam's Gate-Crashers

NEWSREEL, radio, and the postman who rings twice have combined to tell us that the government is counting the noses of the unemployed. Crisp manila blanks have been distributed to Park Avenue and Tobacco Road. The President has posed for newsreel men and assured the public that the government's intentions toward the jobless are benign. Even the radical press urged its members to coöperate with the forces in power, to make the present census a success.

But when the census blanks have been counted one significant group of pensioners will not appear. They are the foreign men and women who have reached their places on relief rolls without passing through Ellis Island. They include the connoisseurs of charity, who have left their native countries in disgust at the fare the jobless receive there, to get either a job or a superior type of relief here.

The leather-lunged General Hugh Johnson is one of the heartiest supporters of the belief that the nigger in this woodpile is a Chinaman or a German or a Swede—or some other alien who is abusing our hospitality by his illegal presence here. Using as a guide the percentage of such aliens uncovered by the draft, the General concludes that there are many millions of such international gate-crashers on our relief rolls. If their numbers were known, he believes, public protest would force their departure.

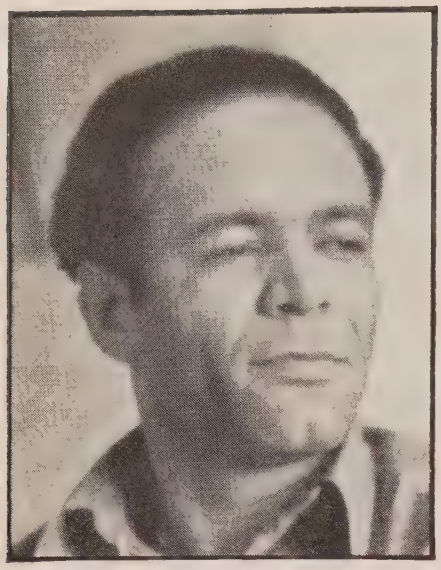


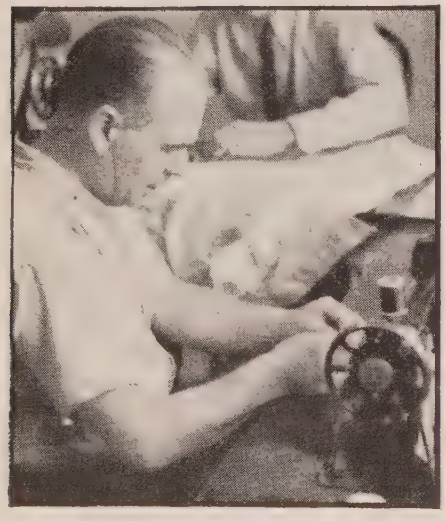
NO SINECURE is the job of Rudolph Reimer, Commissioner of Immigration

Aliens who have sneaked into the country are, by the fact of their entry, lawbreakers. For the most part they are undesirable citizens of any country. They live off the American taxpayer, without his knowledge or consent. They are wily enough to escape the detection of the immigration authorities—except when some major crime uncovers a few of them by accident.

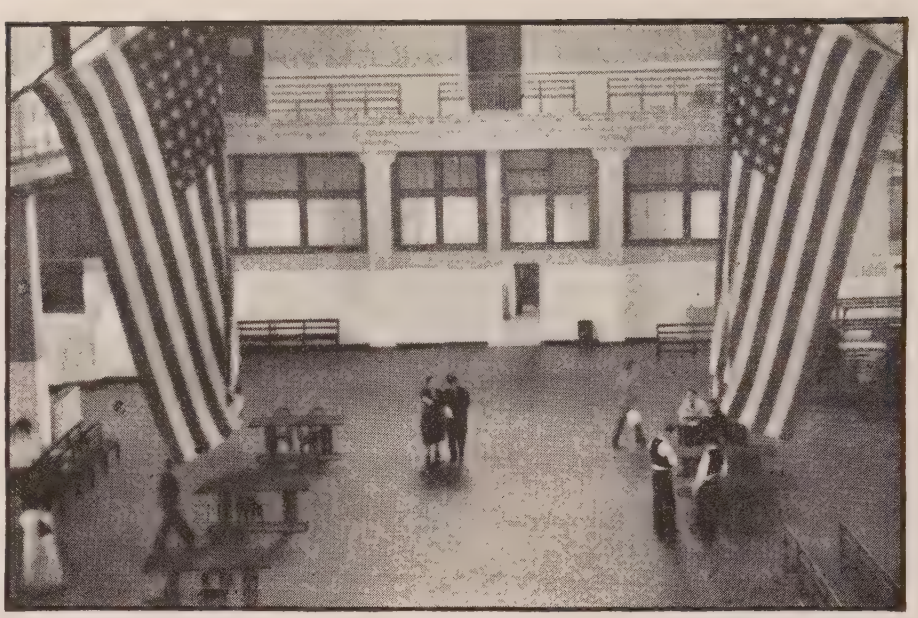
These aliens, unless they were definitely feeble-minded, tore their unemployment blanks to shreds. They had no desire to call the government's attention to their illegal presence, and they know that the relief administrators have not yet been empowered to ask embarrassing questions as to citizenship. They will not appear in the count of unemployed.

We can only guess at their number. The census of 1930 tells us that there were then 6,384,613 unnaturalized aliens in the country. Since then we have ad-





UNDESIRABLE aliens are the upper two, both of whom, with long police records, will be deported. The young visitor below them, a recent arrival from Newfoundland, waits while his visitor's visa is examined



GENERAL DETENTION room at Ellis Island holds aliens whose right of entry is questioned. Criminals and others who are to be deported are segregated elsewhere

mitted 949,903 through ports of entry and experts believe that even larger numbers have been smuggled in. The United Spanish War Veterans last April estimated the number of aliens illegally here as exceeding three million. Representative Samuel Dickstein of New York puts the number of them on relief at two million.

The law has a curious attitude of letting bygones be bygones with respect to the alien who managed to break in before June 3, 1921. Such a person may go to a port of entry, confess all, and be "deemed to have been lawfully admitted to the United States for permanent residence as of the date of his entry."

Yet in the face of this almost sentimental hospitality, we have a vast population of aliens who dodge any form of registration. Bruno Richard Hauptmann, murderer of the Lindbergh baby, had entered the country illegally twice. Anna Sage, John Dillinger's "woman in red," was another contraband resident. The San Francisco general strike of 1934 brought thousands of such illegal residents to light.

Gate-crashing aliens sometimes get in by means as dramatic as those limned by Ernest Hemingway in his stories of Chinese smuggled from Cuba. Sometimes they come in on a temporary permit and overstay their time. Often they are sailors who desert their ships. Many cross the Canadian border at the least-patrolled points, or saunter in from Mexico. They arrive on ships and in automobiles, in trains and on foot.

These men and women cannot become citizens without exposing themselves as lawbreakers. They live in constant fear of detection and consider every representative of the government an enemy. They proved their undesirability by their lawless method of entry. To allow them to stay is like saying to a housebreaker, "Now that you're in, you might as well sit down and have a drink."

Whenever a practical suggestion is made for ferreting out the alien gate-crasher and deporting him, there is protest from the left wing. An uproar greeted even so mild a plan as that submitted to Congress in September, 1928, for the "vountary registration of aliens." Senator Blease introduced it in the upper house and it was sponsored by Secretary of Labor Davis. The Federated Press, a radical news service, attacked it under this headline: "Davis Tries Bluffing Aliens into Blacklist Registration Scheme." In spite of the fact that the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor supported the plan, Sidney Hillman, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, said: "A law of this kind will merely provide the anti-labor forces with a new weapon to be used in terrorizing the workers from joining organizations which protect their economic and social rights." Norman Thomas, the usually mild leader of the Socialist Party, said: "If to curb bootleg immigration we have to imitate the Czar of Russia, we had better begin to inquire whether our immigration policy is right. . . . The next step," he added, "will be a registration of workers in general."

This bracketing of aliens illegally within our borders and American workingmen is curious. One might rather suppose that the laborer would be the first to wish to remove outlaw competitors from abroad. They threaten his job when he has one. They encroach on his relief allowance when he hasn't. Can it be that a large number of the radical leaders belong to the unenviable class of gate-crashers and would be eligible for deportation if once a check of our alien visitors were made?

The simple, statistical measure of registration has always met with suggestive opposition in Congress. The Cable bill, the Aswell bill, the 1932 Dies Deportation bill brought such complaints as Edward McGrady's, "It smacks too much of European espionage," and Representative Dickstein's description, "An attempt for an opening wedge to compel registration of aliens, with the idea of scaring them into a sort of espion-

SPECIAL INQUIRY Board of the Immigration Bureau shows Inspectors Thomas Galvin, Patrick King, and Sterling Helmick at work on particular cases

age system, like that prevailing in the Russia of the Czars."

The American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born, of 100 Fifth Avenue, New York, gives a hint of the reason for this opposition in an instructive mimeographed pamphlet called *Who's Who in Deportations*. Case after case of men illegally in the country is here reviewed, together with measures that left wing sympathizers have taken to permit them to remain.

There is, for instance, Antonio Puggioni, "42 years old, single, born in Sardinia. Came to the United States in 1912. Arrested in Hunger March in Washington, D.C., August 18, 1932. Held in jail, then transferred to insane ward, where he was held for four and one half months until the International Labor Defense attorneys forced his release. Released in custody of his attorney. Charged with illegal entry."

Here was a man illegally in the country for twenty years, a border-line mental case, without suffering the inconvenience of a check-up.

Then there is Theodore Pappas, "40 years old. Married. Member of the Needle Trades Industrial Union. As a result of his participation in the general strike in the fur industry in 1932 he was attacked by gangsters. When he went into court he was held for deportation on the charge of illegal entry. He entered from Greece in 1916. Defended by the Needle Trades Union and the A.C.P.F.B. Bail of $2500 put up by the union. Was deported to Greece."

Now that our chance to count those on relief has been missed, attention may be drawn to the series of bills to be presented to this Congress by Senator Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina and Representative Joe Starnes of Alabama. One bill, sponsored by them, to prohibit the employment of aliens by any federal agency, passed the House during the last session and is now before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor.

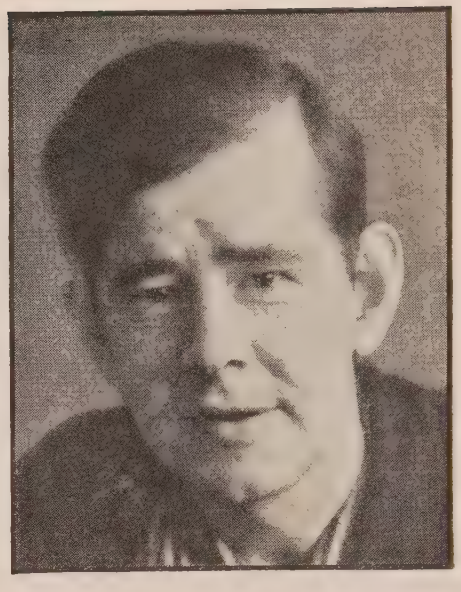
The Reynolds-Starnes bills are drastic. One of the most important calls for the registration and fingerprinting of all aliens now in the country. Another would extend the quota system so that we may have some check on the Puerto Rican and Central and South American flood of immigrants. Another would make mandatory the deportation of any alien on relief for six months or more. Another would cut down the quotas of immigrants from European countries by 90 per cent. Another would refuse entry to any alien who leaves his immediate family abroad.

These bills are so sweeping that they are less apt to focus congressional interest on aliens than the bill introduced by Representative Martin Dies of Texas. This has passed the House and is now before the Senate Committee on Immigration. It provides for prompt deportation of alien criminals guilty of carrying firearms, of narcotic violations, of "moral turpitude," and of bootlegging other aliens within our borders. The Dies bill also would turn over to the Secretary of Labor the power of revoking deportation orders in the case of certain "hardship" cases. There are 3000 of these now pending. In many of them the illegal entry is the result of a technical mistake in making out entry papers. In others the deportation of an alien of good character would throw his dependents on the American taxpayer for support.

We have within our gates a vast and rather sinister army of aliens who, for reasons of their own, thought it best to avoid the officials posted at our ports of entry. We are giving millions of them jobs. We are supporting millions more in charity. They will never become citizens, and few could pass the requirements for naturalization. Many are mentally deficient—many more are sworn to overthrow democratic government.

Out of gratitude to a country which has welcomed them, is it too much to ask the properly qualified alien to register, in order that his fraudulent countrymen may be detected and sent home?

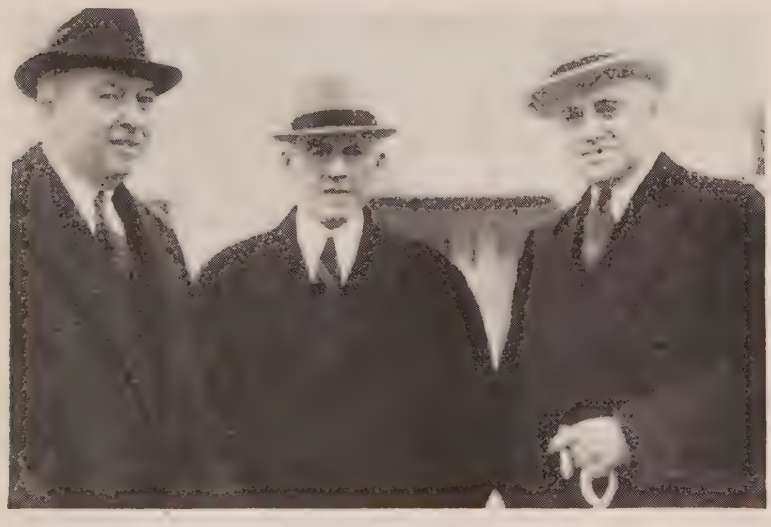
—Gretta Palmer



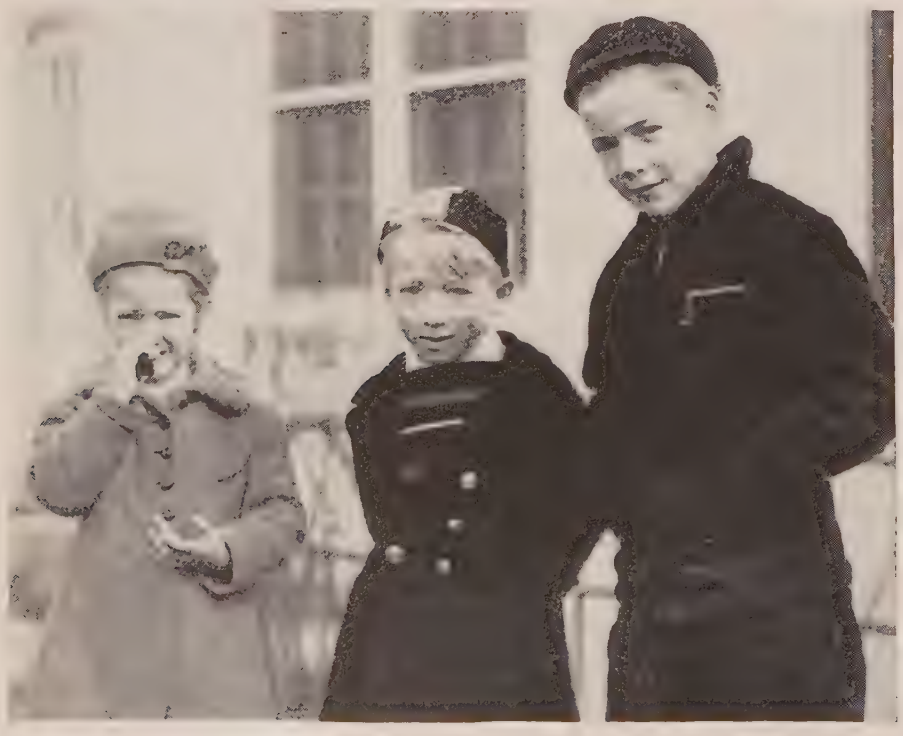
ALIENS ALL—but their cases differ. The top man will be deported for illegal entry. A wrong date on their passport causes delay at Ellis Island for the middle couple. The Chinese boys await proof of parentage

THREE ROOMS: $36.50 monthly in this privately built town; $18 for 1½ rooms in a federal project

Private



BIG BUSINESS is represented at the left when (reading from left to right) Thomas S. Holden and Henry I. Harriman visit Allie S. Freed, president of Buckingham. Fola LaFollette, sister of Senator Robert LaFollette, is a resident of Buckingham



SAFETY FOR CHILDREN is assured by the layout of the streets in both towns. Mrs. Roosevelt is expected to attend the opening of Buckingham

BEGUN IN JANUARY, Buckingham now houses 238 families. Greenbelt was two years in building

Project

Buckingham, Virginia, model town built by private capital, offers an interesting parallel to Greenbelt, Maryland, government project. In time, the former will house 2000 families; the latter, 3000

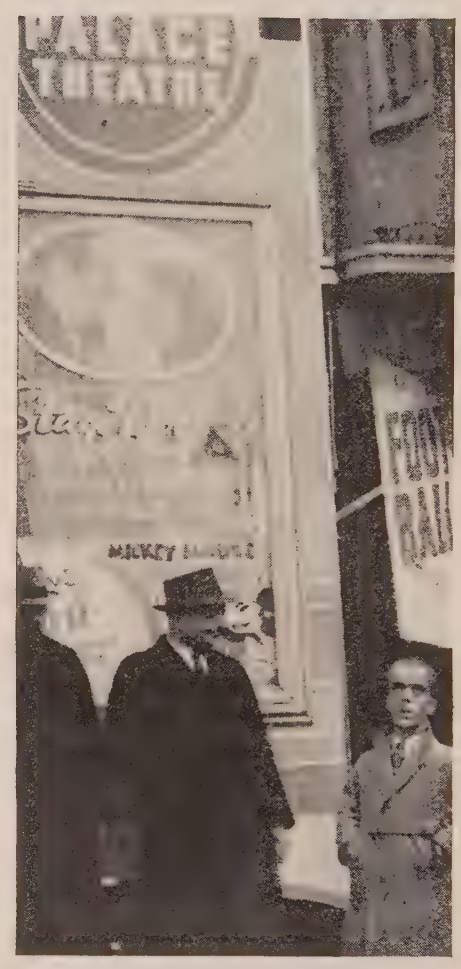
PAYING INVESTMENT is expected of Buckingham, built with the methods of large-scale industry. It will be 60 years before the government gets its money back from Greenbelt, built largely with unskilled labor to relieve unemployment

EMPLOYMENT for 1000 men was provided by the building of Buckingham. Over 9700 worked on Greenbelt

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY ALAN S. HACKER

Santa

SANTA CLAUS SPECIALIST is George Hamid, whose agency supplies entertainers for carnivals and fairs as well. At his right (above) sits Harry Fisher, who has played Santa Claus for fifteen years in one large store. The men in the picture below are clowns who hope to become Santas for a month



BETWEEN JOBS, professional clowns congregate outside of New York's old temple of vaudeville. They form 90 per cent of the big city's hired Santas

$40 A WEEK and up is the wage for an experienced Santa Claus

Supply

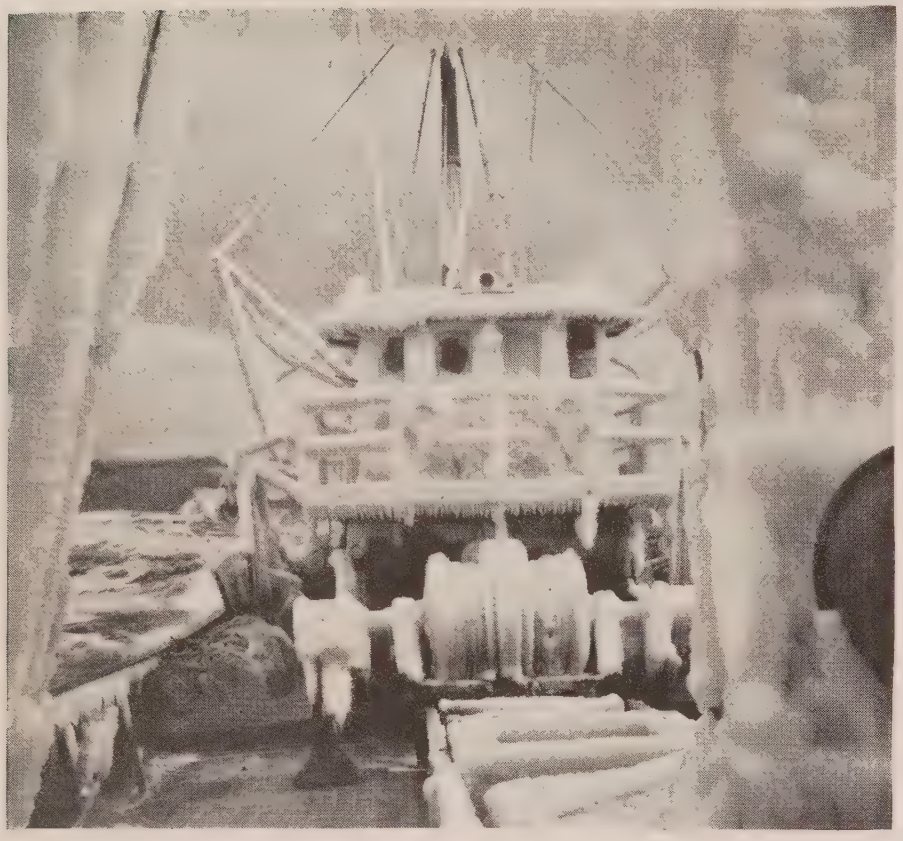
The professional Santa Claus who delights the children in the department stores is here shown without his beard. You see who he is, how he gets his job, what he earns

PHOTO COURTESY R. H. MACY & CO.

DEPARTMENT STORE SANTAS rate the best pay. The Salvation Army will not have Santas because children are disillusioned by the sight of one on every corner. The Volunteers of America say Santas are "no longer needed" in New York

COMIC POLICEMAN for eleven months becomes Santa for the Christmas season, by the simple device of assuming the disguise at the right

EXCLUSIVE LITERARY DIGEST PHOTOS BY BERNARD BREEDLOVE



TOPHEAVY GOING is a hazard of the fishing boats that sail the wintry sea. An all-weather hazard for the owners is the chance of labor trouble

C. I. O. Fish

A SHORT 40-cent taxi ride south of Boston's renovated but still dingy South Station lies the world's largest (300 x 1200 ft.) pier devoted exclusively to the handling of fish. Between this pier and the fishing banks, 200 to 650 miles east into the gray North Atlantic, some 60-odd vessels trawl, drag, and fight for a larger and larger share of haddock and cod to supply a ready nation staggering under tripled meat prices. In the early days of America's oldest industry, fishing vessels depended upon wind power harnessed by gleaming salt-sprayed sails. These are not yet altogether out of the picture, though less frequently seen against the murky horizon stretching out from Cape Cod to the hoary old Grand Banks, known throughout the world to deep-sea fishermen and to adventure-seeking readers of Kipling's *Captains Courageous*.

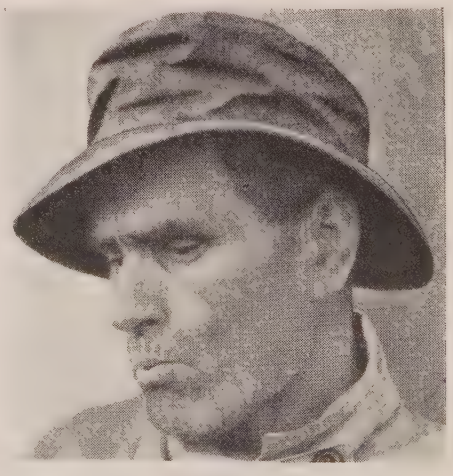
Steam came first to offer its competitive speed against the uncertainties of wind and tide. Then sail countered with gasoline auxiliary engines. Now steam in turn is giving way to the economical oil-burning Diesel. And therein is found the source of beer tavern and chophouse grumbling so much a part of the mass-production fisherman's present-day conversation—the economies of the new trawlers over the old, the opportunity to make more money on less fish, the equivalent of higher wages and shorter hours.

Modernization of the North Atlantic fishing fleet began in 1929, bogged down in depression years, and now is making a flying comeback that leaves shipbuilders smacking lips in satisfaction over yards bulging with government contracts. Nine new 140-foot 600-plus horsepower Diesel trawlers have been launched within the past year, and seven to nine more are listed to jog, pitch, and roll on the fishing banks by spring. In spite of this feverish modernization program, it is probable that trawler owners will be caught with their suspenders slashed, especially those who may be a little sluggish in scrapping coal-burning steam trawlers with their high operating costs. The reason for this can be given in two words—labor trouble.

Fishermen work with the trawling companies on what is known as a 50-50 lay, which means that the owners of the vessels take in the fishermen on a share-cropping basis of participating partnership. Fishermen pay the *running* expenses of the boat: fuel, food, special equipment rental, etc. Owners pay for the *maintenance* of the vessel, supplying the nets and essential trawling gear. Expenses are split and the profits divided, the fishermen then subdividing their portion on a share-per-man principle.

This arrangement was made in a day when neither owners nor fishermen foresaw the coming of the Diesel-powered trawler, so economical to run that it costs the fishermen approximately $28 per day as their collective share, against nearly $54 a day which the fishermen of coal-burning steamers must bear under the 50-50 lay. Such a curious situation, brought on by technological progress, makes it possible for fishermen of a high-expense vessel to share or pay off at the end of a 10- to 14-day trip with about one-fifth to one-third as much as fishermen of a low-expense boat. Thus, two vessels discharging fish under similar market conditions will offer typical shares of $100 a man to the low-expense Diesel trawler and $25 or $30 to the high-expense steam vessel.

LABOR complications set in from the fisherman's angle. The owners average as much on a boat expensive to run as they do on a boat inexpensive to run, since it was agreed in days past that fishermen accept the running expenses of the vessels. It is probable, however, that fewer than 30 high-expense trawlers still sail out of Boston. To some extent the situation is automatically correcting itself, for fishermen are refusing to accept jobs on high-expense vessels, which with a 14-day trip may bring them only the guaranty of $20 to $30. Hardly can the fishermen be blamed when a brother or cousin (the fishing business is one of the largest family-staffed industries in the world) goes out on a modern trawler, remains on the banks for eight days, comes in with less fish, yet shares more than $100 and even up to $200 per man.



UNIONIZED—95 per cent of them—fishermen are seagoing share-croppers

OLD STYLE coal-burning trawlers are expensive to run, costing the fishermen about $54 a day against their share of earnings

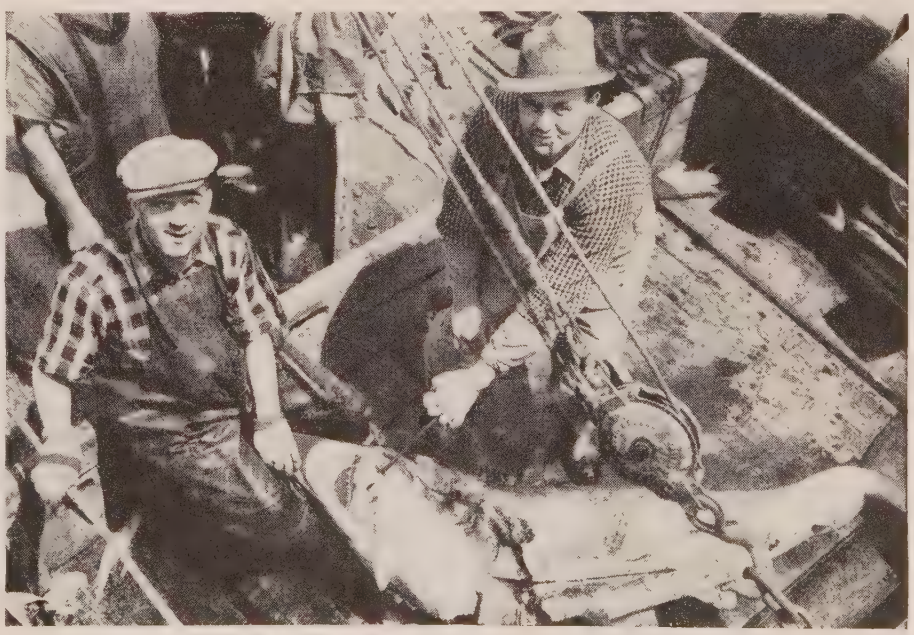
NEW STYLE Diesel-powered trawlers cost only about $28 a day to run, and the fishermen on new boats can make three or four times the money of those on the old

During an extremely good month, with short trips and a high market, Diesel trawlers have brought their crews shares totaling as much as $650 per man for the month. Seldom do the high-line Diesels share as *low* as $50, while it is equally true that seldom do the coal burners share as *high* as $50. The old-time coal-burning steam trawler will run up expenses close to $1000, while the modern Diesel vessel will cost the fishermen between $500 and $800 to run, with exceptions, of course.

New boats have better fish-hold insulation, some nickel-lined with 32-degree sea-temperature mechanical refrigeration. Fish stored in such modern holds bring top prices. Thus the fast and economical Diesel vessel will actually give its crew a higher price for the firm and bright-eyed fish it hauls to satiate Friday's voracious appetite. This explanation, seemingly involved, shows that fishermen on one of the old-type trawlers may make $900 in a year, while those on the Diesel boats will try to evade income tax on a sum nearer $3000 or even $4000. It is not unusual for the unlicensed captain of a modern trawler to chalk up $7000 to $10.000 a year. Starvation and plenty; a lean horse and a fat one draw the same wagon—but not with the same effort.

Fishermen's families are extremely large by American standards, and nurture appetites brought over from Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Iceland, and Ireland. Just how well a fisherman can feed, clothe, and house his brood on the share which the high-expense boats bring him is something of a mystery. There seem, however, to be no regular crews manning the coal-burners. Transients, they are called; good fishermen, but drifters from boat to boat and bar to bar. Occasional "trenching" or relief trips on the "high-liners" (as the high-share boats are known) help tide unattached fishermen over the lean shares. At times the extinct seagoing practice of shanghaiing men would be a boon to owners of high-expense, low-share vessels. As new Diesel boats go into service, it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain fishermen for the "peddlers," as fishermen caustically refer to the low-sharers.

Fishermen, career fishermen, are hard to get and keep. Cape Horn salts often gloat over the days when ships were wood and men were poured of iron, or at least hewn from lignum-vitae, bewailing the curse of present-day chocolate-eclair seamen—the day of iron ships and wooden men. Yet the fisherman of today, even with all the hints of comfort, often stands ankle-deep in fish gurry, forty-eight hours at a stretch, slitting, gutting, and sorting fish in weather that has broken many a man hardier of spirit than of body. It is difficult for the inlander to imagine the hardships of the fisherman. There is the true story of the old dory fisherman who was adrift, and, seeing that his hands were freezing, curved them



FRIDAY'S FOOD is slit, gutted, and cleaned on deck, then packed in ice. New boats have better refrigeration than old ones, which means top prices for fish

TAKING UP SLACK is done by hand before the bag of fish, often weighing 17,000 pounds, is hoisted by machinery

READY FOR SORTING, the haul is poured on deck. Ankle-deep in fish gurry, the men work 48 hours at a stretch

about the oars so that the fingers would be locked in their frozen curvature to his only means of propulsion.

Most fishermen are not native-born but drift down from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, a land of fishermen. There are a few rock-bound down-Mainers who look to the sea exclusively for their livelihood, but the present generation of New Englanders seems more interested in the profits to be derived from the camp-hungry tourist trade. Were it not for Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, and other fish-wise lands, the North Atlantic fishing industry would be hard put for men whose labors supply the increasing demand for tasty fillets.

COMMERCIAL fishing, however, has progressed to some semblance of modernity. The fishing industry itself has shifted from picturesque Gloucester on Cape Ann to Boston with its shipping and storage facilities. Gloucester looks forward eagerly to the completion of a large new fish pier which will enable that quiet old city again to find a place in the schoolbooks of the land. Boston is the progenitor of mass production in the industry, while Gloucester retains its distinction as the home of the individualists who still have enough faith in the sea and themselves to risk a personal investment in private ownership.

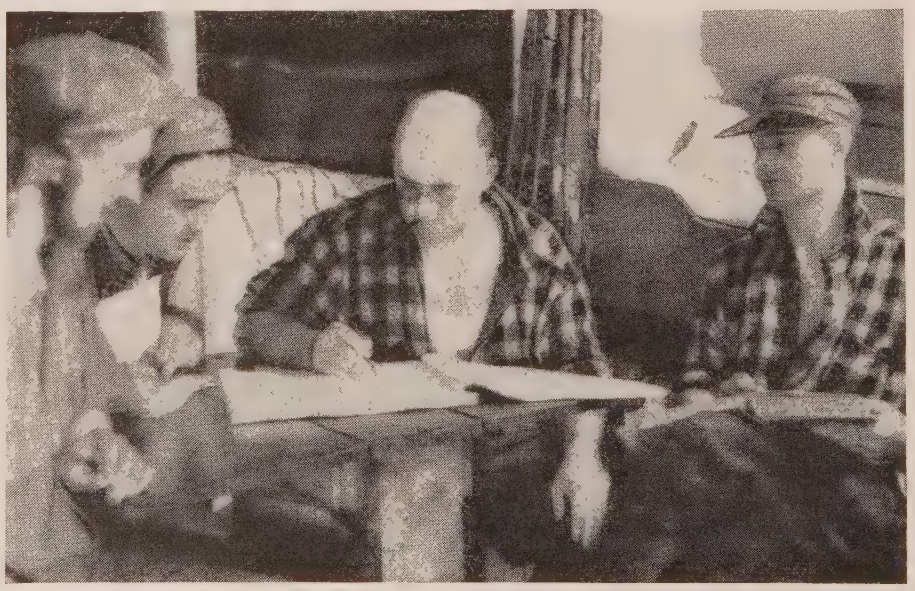
Meanwhile, John L. Lewis' C. I. O. has stepped in and organized some 1800 fishermen. Fully 95 per cent of the deep-sea men are said to be union members. Previous efforts of the fishermen toward organization had been more or less abortive. The year 1934 saw a fishermen's strike of four weeks' duration with no real gains. With the modernization of the fleet and with a chance to make more money as the new boats are launched, it would seem that organization of the industry's labor would lag; but it appears that crews of the money boats, while not wishing to part with their juicy shares, are anxious to back the have-nots on the low-share vessels.

Owners expect trouble to come sooner or later, but they declare that it is impossible for them to make up for the comparatively high running expenses of the low-share group. A source of potential trouble lies in an alleged practice of sinister import—the padding of settlement sheets intended to show the fisherman where he stands on the sale of his fish and the amount and distribution of the expenses incidental to the catch.

Solutions are not forthcoming with any Solomon-like celerity. However, it is generally agreed that something should be done to place the two groups of trawlers on a more equitable basis of share return. Modernization of the fleet, if rapid enough, would lessen employee-employer tension.

Pending the outcome of such problematical modernization of the vessels for income, the North Atlantic fishing industry has plumped itself over a bomb with a slow-burning fuse. It is inevitable that soon the flame will reach the powder. Both sides stand with finger-plugged ears—waiting.

—Bernard Breedlove



BOOKKEEPING: Running expenses are paid by the fishermen; maintenance of the vessel, by the owner. The fishermen divide their profit equally

Reading Around the World

a timely digest of the best in print

HEALTHIEST MAN ON EARTH
from "Why Grow Old?"

THE modern maid looks meditatively upon her male. There he stands before her, in all of his perfection, minus adenoids, tonsils and appendix; advantaged by the activities of a whole regiment of scientists. He sees his dentist twice a year, takes concentrated vitamins to ward off treacherous colds, and has been immunized against every prevalent malady. He represents the flower of our research and development. Probably the healthiest man who ever walked the face of the earth. And the modern maid must admit that he is rather nice. But women are congenital sentimentalists. And so, in the face of modern perfection, the maid's thoughts turn wistfully back toward the dawn of days. How glorious to have lived in the age of the cliff dwellers, that glamorous day when men were . . .

Well, precisely what were men like in those stirring times when the world was yet young? It is, I think, high time to explode that romantic "cave man" myth and deal realistically with the subject.

The truth is that there was mighty little in primitive man to thrill the modern femme. She wouldn't have cared for his smile, for example, because his dentistry was definitely deficient.

But let us turn to a more promising period, the glamorous age of knighthood. Ah, then, if ever, lived perfect men.

Really, it seems a pity to burst that romantically inflated balloon. Women have so doted upon it. But we determined at the outset to write a realistic chapter, so let's ferret out the facts, no matter what the cost.

And the facts?

Well, an investigator with a tapeline, snooping around the Metropolitan Museum here awhile back, made the rather disconcerting discovery that the armor there displayed is a couple of sizes too small for the average male American of the twentieth century.

The knights of old, truth to tell, were rather squatty, bandy-legged men; mere midgets beside the modern football hero. So topples another tradition.

And while we're on the subject, we might note in passing that Julius Caesar was bald and suffered from epilepsy.—*Frank S. Caprio and Owsley Grant* (Maxwell Droke, $2.50)

EYING THE EVIDENCE
from "Scribner's"

THERE is a widespread inability to analyze evidence, to understand what does and what does not amount to proof. One of the most remarkable illustrations, in any country, at any time, was offered by the Tichborne trials in England.

Roger Tichborne, a young Englishman, some day likely to become a baronet and owner of a great fortune, was lost in a ship which sank at sea in 1854. Nobody doubted this: his father, the courts, the owner of the ship, the insurance company —all accepted the fact that he was dead. There was one exception: Roger's mother, a Frenchwoman, and a very self-willed person. She insisted that he must still be alive. And of course, by all the rules of romance, she must be right.

After her practical and common-sense husband was dead, Roger's mother began to advertise all over the world for the "lost heir of Tichborne." In other words, she offered any impostor who might be interested the tempting bait of a title and an income of £20,000 a year. Naturally, there came a nibble at her line. Twelve years after Roger's death, an enormous fat man, a Cockney butcher named Arthur Orton, emerged from the Australian bush and prevailed upon Lady Tichborne to accept him as her son, "Sir Roger."

Thus the impostor began with the support of all the dreamy-eyed romantics in Britain—folk who were content to say, ecstatically, "A mother is never mistaken in her own child!"

The impostor rallied round himself some old retainers and followers of the Tichbornes, and aided by Lady Tichborne's money, kept them in his service, while he pumped them dry of useful information. Wildly ignorant, at first, of the career of the man he was trying to impersonate, he managed to acquire enough knowledge to convince the trusting.

And they were convinced because they were unable to analyze evidence. This glaring failure resulted from their inability to observe that what he knew of Roger Tichborne, his life and family, was, in every respect, knowledge that he had gained from Roger's mother, or from his hired retainers and coachers. And that dozens of matters of which he was absolutely ignorant were things which the real Roger

THIS WEEK

Healthiest Man on Earth	*Why Grow Old?*
Eying the Evidence	*Scribner's*
Equal Rights for Men	*The Forum*
Impulsive Dictator	*Plot and Counter-Plot in Central Europe*
Blind Fish	*The Observer, London*
Mood Conditioning	*The Rotarian*
Beware of the Cat	*The American Mercury*
Stranger than Man	*This Week*
Ancient Beauty Secrets	*Natural History*
Madrid Martyrdom	*New Masses*
The Growing Cross	*Circling the Caribbean*
Chinese Air Force	*Asia*
CCC and Crime	*The American Mercury*

Photo of the Week

PHOTO BY GENDREAU

BOSTON TERRIERS, spunky offshoot of the bullbaiting English bull dog. The Bostons are alert and clever, yet extremely affectionate.—*New York Sun*

must infallibly have known. If his sympathizers saw this, they were incapable of making any deductions from it.

The real Roger spoke French like a native; the false Roger could not pronounce correctly a single French word. The real Roger was a devout Roman Catholic; the false one was ignorant of the forms of that faith. The real Roger had been an officer in the English army; the false one said he had been an enlisted man! The true Roger had studied the classics; the claimant knew nothing of them and thought that Caesar was a Greek. The actual Roger was tattooed with an anchor, a heart, a cross, and his initials, R. C. T. All that the faked Roger had in the way of tattoo marks were his own real initials, A. O., which he had tried to obliterate.

This last fact ended the first trial—the impostor's civil suit by which he tried to get possession of the Tichborne estates. He was then tried for the crime of perjury. The jury found him guilty on all counts, and he went to prison for fourteen years.

It should be observed that the evidence most conclusive in establishing the truth—as, for example, the tattoo-marks—was *circumstantial evidence.*

Throughout this long case and these two incredibly minute trials, circumstantial evidence had invariably pointed to the truth, while the *direct evidence* of witnesses was the cornerstone of a gigantic structure of fraud.—*Edmund Pearson*

EQUAL RIGHTS FOR MEN

from "The Forum"

As it is, the women have all the best of the men, but they are smart enough to make the poor males think otherwise. As compared with their alleged oppressors, the women are sitting pretty. At this very moment they hold one-fourth of the country's jobs and own three-fourths of the country's wealth. Because of the operation of our inheritance laws and because of the carefully fostered belief that it is the American male's first and primary duty to provide, at all costs, for his weak and unprotected females, women are right now the beneficiaries under 80 per cent of the country's life-insurance policies, women have in their names 65 per cent of the country's savings accounts, women hold 44 per cent of the country's public utility securities, and women own 40 per cent of the country's real estate.

Why, to begin with, shouldn't single males be placed on an equal footing with single females so far as their relations and legal rights are involved?

The law discriminates carefully as to the age at which the members of the two sexes may be married. In eight or ten states a girl may be married at the age of twelve, if her parents consent, but a boy must wait till the mature age of fourteen. In a number of states the age for the girl is fourteen while that of the boy runs to sixteen, seventeen, and even eighteen.

Marriage without the consent of the parents is permitted for girls at eighteen in about two-thirds of the states, but boys are permitted to marry at the same age without parental consent in only four states. In all the rest of the states the male must be twenty-one before he is free to marry without such consent, while the female comes under that requirement in only eleven states.

Nor is this discrimination limited to the right to marry. In many of the states the female becomes of age for all legal purposes, except voting, when she reaches eighteen, but the male remains subject to all the disabilities of infancy until he reaches the ripe age of twenty-one.

Glaring, however, as are the law's discriminations in favor of single women, they are infinitely more so as between married women and their humble spouses. The wives of today claim the same right to "live their own lives" as their husbands, meaning by that expression the right to have whatever interests they wish outside the home—a position, a business, or a profession—and not be tied down to the dull and commonplace job of making and keeping a home or of bearing and rearing children.

They want to be "emancipated"—emancipated from their homes and their husbands—but they blissfully ignore the fact that the husband, too, may have a claim to emancipation — emancipation from the drudgery of making a living, emancipation from the ceaseless demands of his own household, and emancipation from the chains that the state has forged on his limbs by virtue of his entry into the marriage bond.

If the ancient conjugal rights of the husband and the traditional obligations of the wife are to be consigned to the scrap pile, then logically so must the traditional obligations of the husband and the ancient rights of the wife.—*Harry Hibschman*

IMPULSIVE DICTATOR

from "Plot and Counter-Plot in Central Europe"

IN his private life Kemal Ataturk has remained the same unbounded and irresponsible man he was in his youth in Salonika. He likes to drink. He is a chain smoker, and a most unpredictable person in his private ways.

When I was spending my vacation in Istanbul last year, he was spending the summer in Floria, a seaside resort near San Stefano.

From Floria he made frequent excursions into Istanbul, but mostly at nighttime. For hours before such trips the secret police were effecting precautionary measures, after which the President's motor car sped through the Grande Rue de Pera to the Park Hotel, a magnificent building on the top of the Taxim. From the garden terrace, there is a most exquisite view of the Bosporus. If his arrival happened to be after closing time, the waiters had to be dragged from their sleep and the music hurriedly called together.

Before closing time his arrival was equally painful because any guest who was in the restaurant was compelled to stay until the Ghazi left, which was often at 6 and 7 o'clock in the morning. In his boundless conceit, he often summoned to his table ladies who were present. Some, of course, were flattered by his attention, others indignant.

His impulsiveness almost created a major incident at one of the balls at which he was present. While dancing with the wife of an ambassador, he suddenly kissed her.

The *sang-froid* and quick-wittedness of the ambassador, who was of Latin blood, saved the situation: "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "now everybody kisses his partner."—*W. M. Fodor* (Houghton Mifflin Co., $3.50)

BLIND FISH

from "The Observer," London

A STRIKING new arrival at the London Zoo Aquarium is a pair of blind fish from the Thysville cave in the Lower Congo.

This blind fish appears on exhibition in this country for the first time in history and is of unusual scientific interest, since until comparatively recently, blind cave fish were thought to be exclusive to the New World.

The present specimens suggest, at first glance, examples of the common barbel, apart from their vivid flesh-pink color.

Closer inspection reveals them as being completely eyeless, and even dissection fails to disclose a trace of optic organs.

As compensation for this apparent disadvantage the fish bears organs of touch disposed about its body.

Blindness, partial or complete, is a condition among a variety of widely separated fishes.

In nearly all cases extraordinary sensibility to vibrations in the surrounding water makes up for the lack of vision, and some can even communicate with their fellows by means of sounds produced by the air bladder.

Most famous of blind fish are those haunting the vast honeycomb of subterranean waterways beneath the low-lying stone hills of Kentucky, Indiana, and Virginia.

Though sensitive to sound, the fish can easily be caught by hand as they feed on minute life at the surface of the water.

It seems likely that blindness has come upon them as a direct result of their subterranean life, since a certain Cuban blind fish has functional eyes when very young, pointing to a probable sighted ancestor.

MOOD CONDITIONING

from "The Rotarian"

THE other day I was in a hurry to get some cash. Rushing over to the bank, I found long queues at every window.

Then suddenly, without any preliminaries—music, soft and subdued. An orchestra was playing a Jerome Kern selection. I looked around with some of the other customers for sight of the musicians.

On edge with curiosity, some days later I asked a teller about this admixture of money and music.

"It's just something a little extra we are offering to our customers," he laughed. "The music is piped in over telephone wires from a central studio and heard through amplifiers. Selections range from popular to classical and they're all serenade-like and subdued; you can take 'em or leave 'em. So far we have found it particularly effective during rush hours, making waiting less tiresome."

Looking further into these strange goings-on, I found other banks here and there that were trying out the idea. One in Chicago was having an electric organ played during the day's peak business hours.

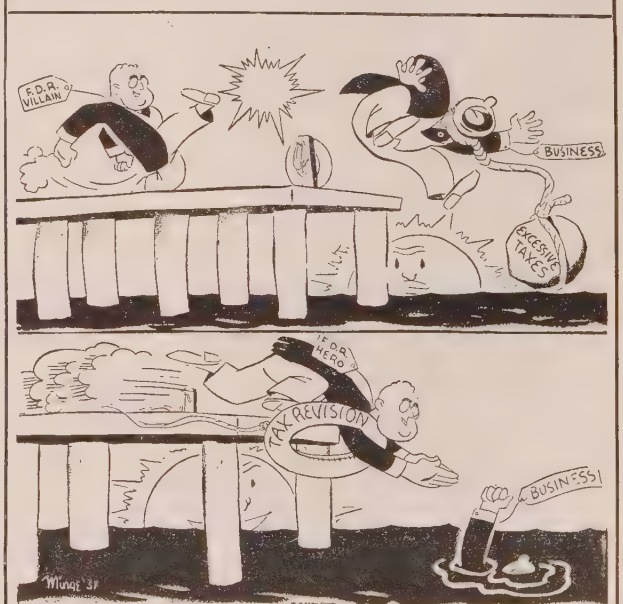
But here's one for the record. During the depression, when banks were subject to closing without notice, a savings and trust company in Davenport, Iowa, was the scene of a unique experiment. After one bank suspension in the city, panic-stricken depositors started a run on this depository which might easily have resulted in another bank closing its doors. Realizing that something had to be done and that soon, the president engaged a jazz band and installed it on the mezzanine floor to entertain customers while they clamored for their money. This entertainment, coupled with frequent announcements as to the soundness of the institution, soon routed the last of the doubting depositors and by noon of the third day, the run had ceased.

One busy day last December, crowds that jammed Grand Central Station in New York were treated to Christmas carols that appeared to come from nowhere out of the high vaulted spaces. Waiting for trains is a source of annoyance to most people, especially when jostled about by holiday and shopping crowds. However, sprinkling yuletide cheer over the heads of the homegoing throngs appeared to give them a friendly feeling about it all. Crowding was reduced and waiting made less interminable.

In a ladies' lingerie shop, I found music working its charms and the same subtle and salutary effect was commented upon, its usefulness being stressed when there were not enough clerks to go around, necessitating waiting.

A beauty-shop manager told me that the customers prefer music with their permanents and facials and that operators work better.

Cartoon of the Week



Business sees him in changing roles.—*The Detroit News*

Poem of the Week

WINTER TIDE

THERE is a tide that makes upon this shore
Continual thunder as the waters leap
Rising and crying from the ocean floor,
Roaring and rising from the desolate deep.
This is no summer current, half asleep;
This is the night in which the world began,
This is the dark beyond the outer steep,
This is the icy enemy of man.
Stand here awhile beyond the flow and foam,
And do not tremble. Ocean is not free.
The fisherman who makes the sea his home
Knows that the tide must turn again to sea;
And where these waters tumble wide and bare,
Children will play and women sun their hair.

—Robert Nathan in *The Atlantic Monthly*

In Detroit there's a dentist who puts earphones connected with a phonograph on his patients while he works, the music acting as a sort of anesthetic to pain. A mind diverted with a favorite tune is better than one centered on a drill that feels as if it were headed into your brain. This dentist has an assorted library of records. He first consults his patient's preferences in tunes and then plays them.

But here's one that should stump you. At Cypress Hills, New York, there is a swimming pool where music is played—under water. Swimmers have to dive under to hear it at all. Water is an excellent conductor of sound, but a special apparatus is needed to actuate the wild waves with musical impulses.

In a downtown barber shop catering to artists, professors, and professional men, I was treated to what the proprietor called a "harmonious haircut." The proprietor had telephone music service and asserted it had increased his gross income 15 per cent.

But at present music is used chiefly for entertainment. The new idea of music as a mood conditioner is just coming in. How far it will go no one can tell. —*Doron K. Antrim*

BEWARE OF THE CAT
from "The American Mercury"

A KITTEN is not a pretty thing at birth. For many days it is a wriggling mite of lumpy flesh and sinew, blind and unaware, making soft sucking noises with its wet, toothless mouth, and smelling of milk. Daily, hourly, the rough tongue of the tabby ministers to it in its helplessness, glossing the baby-fur with viscid spittle, licking away the uncontrolled dung, cleaning away the crumbly pellets of dried blood from its pointed ears. By that tenth or fourteenth day when its eyes wholly unseal, blue and weak in their newness, the infant cat is clean to immaculateness, and an inalienable fastidiousness is deeplodged in its feline spirit.

It is now—when the kitten makes its first rushes and sallies from its birthplace, and, with extraordinary gymnastics of its chubby body, encounters chair-legs and human feet and other curious phenomena—that it elicits from man those particular expressions of gurgling delight which we reserve for very tiny fluffy creatures who act very comically. But the infant cat has no coy intent to be amusing. If he is comic, it is only because of the incongruity of so demure a look and so wild a heart. For in that furry head of his, grim and ancient urges are already dictating the course of his life.

Hardly larger than a powder-puff, he crouches on the rug and watches a fleck of lint. His little blue eyes are bright, and presently his haunches tense and tremble. The tiny body shivers in an ague of excitement. He pounces, a little clumsily, perhaps, and pinions the fleeting lint-fleck with his paws. In the fractional second of that lunge, the ten small needles of his claws have shot from their sheaths of flesh and muscle. It is a good game; but it is not an idle one. It is the kitten's introduction into the ancient ritual of the kill. Those queer little stiff-legged rushes and prancings are the heritage of an old death-dance, and those jerkings of his hind legs as he rolls on his back are the preparation for that day when—in desperate conflict with a bigger beast than himself—he will win the fight by the time-old feline technique of disembowelment. Even now, in his early infancy, he is wholly and inalienably a cat.

While he is still young he has already formulated his attitude toward the human race into whose midst he has been born. It is an attitude not easily described, but compounded of a great pride, a great reserve, a towering integrity. It is even to be fancied that there is something in it of a sort of bleak contempt. Solemnly the cat watches these great hulking two-legged creatures into whose strange tribe he has unaccountably been born—and who are so clumsy, so noisy, so vexing to his quiet spirit—and in his feline heart is neither love nor gratitude.

For the things which man gives to him are not so precious or essential that he will trade them for his birthright, which is the right to be himself—a furred four-footed being of ancient lineage, loving silence and aloneness and the night, and esteeming the smell of rat's blood above any possible human excellence. To the end he adores only his own gods, the gods of mating, of hunting, and of the lonely darkness.

One day, often with no forewarning whatever, he is gone from the house and never returns. He has felt the presaging shadow of death, and he goes to meet it in the old unchanging way of the wild—alone. A cat does not want to die with the smell of humanity in his nostrils and the noise of humanity in his delicate peaked ears. Unless death strikes very quickly and suddenly, he creeps away to where it is proper that a proud wild beast should die—not on one of man's rugs or cushions, but in a lonely quiet place, with his muzzle pressed against the cold earth. —*Harold Lord Varney*

STRANGER THAN MAN
from "This Week"

A MARINE "flier" who never cracks up is the airplane fish, whose wings, landing gear and streamlined "fuselage" startlingly resemble our modern sky liners.

Young terns are spoiled brats. After they have grown as big as their parents, the latter continue feeding them for a full year.

There exists in the wilds of Venezuela a trumpeter crane that is used by the Indians as a "watchdog." His loud, weird cries warn them of the approach of jaguars, snakes and other dangers, enabling the natives to protect their livestock.

What could be sweeter than the cave country around Altenburg, Missouri? Since the days of the French occupation of that part of the Mississippi Valley, bee swarms have been filling small caves with large quantities of honey.—*Carl Kulberg*

ANCIENT BEAUTY SECRETS
from "Natural History"

THE women of Greece were among the first to use white lead—lead carbonate—to whiten their faces. Although it was usually accompanied by unexplained cases of poisoning which often led to the death of the individual, this substance continued in popular use for many centuries. Soot was used to darken the eyebrows, and rouge was commonly made of vegetable substances, including seaweed and mulberry.

The toilet of the Greek lady began when she put on her face a mask of meal which remained there all night and in the morning was washed off with milk. It was a beauty mask guaranteed to remove blemishes and restore waning beauty. After the morning milk bath, the white lead powder was put on, and then the rouge, the eye-shadow, and the eyebrows. These latter were sometimes false.

As the Roman writer Petronius said: "The lady takes her eyebrows out of a little box." False or not, the lady fixed her eyebrows, submitted herself to the

hairdresser's fingers, was dressed and heavily perfumed, and then was ready for the day, much of which had already been passed in beautification.

While the ancient Greeks liked heavy scents, there is some reason to believe that men who used them were considered effeminate and scarcely worthy of being called men. Zeno, the Greek philosopher who lived between 333 B. C. and 261 B. C., said on meeting a man redolent with perfume, "Who is this who smells like a woman?" But one cannot say whether the scent of perfume on a man attracted more attention in ancient Greece than in our own time.

Both men and women indulged in fancies for the hair. Blonds were popular in Greece, and while the rage for light-colored hair was at its height, any means was permissible to obtain and display a head of golden hair.

Sometimes false hair was used without a qualm and offending brunet locks were ruthlessly shaven. Others undertook to bleach their hair, after a recipe given by Menander. "The rays of the sun are the best aid in making the hair fair," he said, "and our own men know it. For after they have bathed their heads copiously in a special ointment which they make here in Athens, they sit in the sun, their heads uncovered, and wait there for hours for the hair to turn. And it does. Their hair gradually becomes a lovely golden color."

Both men and women in Greece used an implement which may have been a greater beautifier than all the preparations they might find. This was the strigil or flesh scraper, with which, after the bath, they removed from their bodies the fuller's earth and lye powder which were used as soap. The strigil also removed dead skin and kept the live skin glowing and healthy.—*Virginia S. Eifert*

MADRID MARTYRDOM

from "New Masses"

THERE cannot be, in all the world, any place like the city of Madrid today. It has been under siege for nearly a year. You read about besieged cities in medieval days and you say, how awful things must have been, thank goodness they don't happen now. It has happened in Madrid and it goes on happening. In a city as big and as beautiful and as modern as Washington, D. C.

The dispatches say that there is not much doing on the Madrid front now—there is very little activity. It is what you call a lull. But all day long you hear the guns, the dull boom of the big guns and the irritable cackle of machine guns. And you know that gunners no longer need to shoot just for practice.

In spite of all the evacuation, there are still nearly a million people here. Some of them—you may be like that yourself—won't leave their homes and their possessions, all the things they have gathered together through the years.

There are fifty thousand babies still here. All food is scarce, and dairy products are almost memories. But the republican government has stations all over the city where a mother may get milk and eggs and cereals for her baby, regularly, without delay. If she has any money, she may buy them at cost. If she hasn't any, she is given them. Doctors say that the little children of Madrid are better nourished than they were in the old days.

Three hundred thousand of them are in the homes of families and seven hundred thousand are in children's colonies. When it can, the government wants to have all in colonies. I hope that will happen, because I have seen some of the colonies. There is no dreadful orphan-asylum quality about them. I never saw finer children—free and growing and happy.

Six years ago almost half the population of this country was illiterate. The first thing that the republican government did was to recognize this hunger, the starvation of the people for education. Now

Frankie and Johnnie were sweethearts.—*Arizona Republic, Phoenix*

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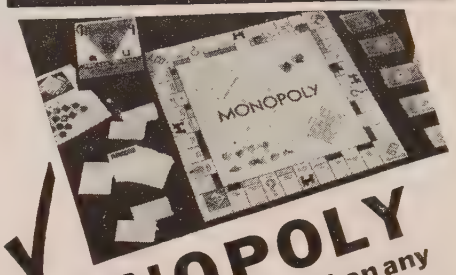

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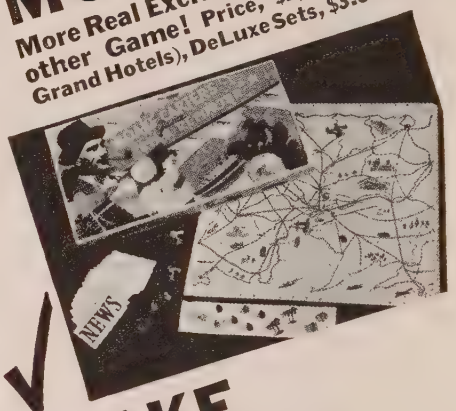

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The President said a mouthful.—*The Louisville Times*

there are schools in the tiniest villages.

In the schools for young children, there is none of the dread thing you have heard so much about—depersonalization. Each child has, at the government's expense, an education as modern and personal as a privileged American schoolchild has at an accredited progressive school. What the Spanish republican government has done for education would be a magnificent achievement, even in days of peace.

The men who fight for republican Spain, the men who in less than a year have come from a mob wearing overalls and carrying sticks to a formidable disciplined army, are no gangling lambs, endearingly bewildered as to what is which front and who is on whose side. These are thinking men, knowing what they do, and what they must go on doing.—*Dorothy Parker*

THE GROWING CROSS

from "Circling the Caribbean"

THERE is a legend concerning the Crucifixion Image in venerable Santo Domingo, the oldest church in the city of Cartagena, Colombia.

One day, many years ago, after the Cartagenians, aided by the priests, had laboriously built their church, a new problem beset them. How and where could they obtain a good image of the Crucifixion? The churches in Spain had marvelously carved images, the church in Cartagena should have one, also, but alas, no one in Cartagena was skilled enough at carving to produce an image that would be satisfactory.

In the midst of their despair, a young man, poorly clad, presented himself at the church door and begged for food. After the kind priests had given him what little they could, he turned to them and asked what they would like him to do in return for their kindness.

The good fathers pondered and talked among themselves and finally one of them said:

"Well, we need a good Crucifixion. No one in our city can carve one."

"Good," said the young man. "Bring me a suitable piece of wood."

Off they went to find a good block of wood for the carving and each brought back a piece for the young man's approval. None would do.

"That's not good wood to carve an image out of," the young man told each priest who tendered his wood.

The fathers were at their wits' end when the young man told them to walk out on a certain part of the beach in the early morning and they would find a suitable piece of wood.

"Surely this cannot be the piece you meant," they told him. "It is altogether too small."

But the young man had by this time installed himself in a little cell in the church building and appeared to be expecting them.

"Yes, that is the piece," he told them, "and it is not too small. Wait until tomorrow."

The next day arrived and the priests looked in the cell to see how the young man was getting along. He had not begun to carve the stick, but it was noticeably larger than the day before. The next day it was larger still and the next day even larger and finally it was just the right size and the young man was ready to begin work.

He sent all from the room and told them (he had them all in awe of him now and was running things his own way) that he was not to be disturbed under any pretext for seven days and seven nights; at the end of that time, he promised, the work would be done.

The priests left him in peace, but each day they would tiptoe to the door and try to hear sounds of his wood-carving.

They never heard the slightest sound.

By the end of the seventh day their curiosity and apprehension could hardly be restrained. Had the mysterious young man been playing a trick on them?

When the time was up they burst into the secret room.

The young man had vanished but the priests' wonder at his disappearance was lost in the amazement and delight they felt upon gazing at the marvelous carving of the Crucifixion which he had left behind him.

And to this day, the disappearance of the young man has never been explained, but the image is still piously guarded in the treasure room of the church and on holy days it is brought out for processions in the city.

But if the city has been wicked in the interval the cross grows until it cannot be brought out of its room.—*Tom Marvel* (Harcourt, Brace & Co., $2.50)

CHINESE AIR FORCE

from "Asia"

IT was my privilege to act as military aviation adviser to the central government of China in the years 1932-35, and to supervise the training of 350 of the fliers now intercepting Japanese bombing planes and engaging their escort planes in battle.

The offer to go to China and to assist in the organization of the Chinese Air Force, which was to include a modern military flying school, came out of a clear sky. Frankly, it was not received with much enthusiasm, although afterward I was grateful for this opportunity to help China. I had resigned from the United States army after twenty years of service in order to settle down in civilian life.

China wanted a modern air force and also wanted well-trained representatives of one of the western nations to give her a start. The Japanese invasion of Manchuria in 1931 and the attack on Shanghai by the Emperor's troops in 1932 had convinced the Chiang Kai-shek government that the time was not far distant when China would have to fight for her life. To build up a trained navy personnel would require years; the ships themselves would cost hundreds of millions and would be outnumbered fifty to one by Japan's navy and merchant marine.

A fleet of bombing planes, reinforced by pursuit, attack, observation and transport planes, would provide an effective defense at comparatively small cost

It required less than forty-eight hours for me to fly from New Orleans to Washington, cable my terms to the central government and receive their acceptance. My first task was to examine the records of some 200 recent graduates of the United States Army Air Corps schools, now in the Reserve. From these, ten flying instructors were selected.

One of the leading flight surgeons of the United States, a staff of five expert mechanics, and my secretary completed the group.

On the way over we laid out our school courses and brought our textbooks up to date. They were based, naturally, on the teachings and policies of our Army Air Corps schools.

The course at the Central Aviation School, as outlined in the beginning, called for four months of primary training, four months of basic training and four months of advanced training, as in the United States.

Accustomed over centuries of existence to life on the ground, these Chinese boys find it difficult—as all of us do—to accustom themselves to an aerial environment, with its demands for unerring judgment of distances and quick decisions. In the air one travels at great speed, at high altitudes, in bitter cold and against violent winds. Fliers, therefore, must be selected with great care. The military pilot is subject to fatigue and other stresses not experienced by people on the ground.

We tried to select boys who were of officer material—boys who had graduated from high school, and who were able to assimilate instruction in military aeronautics, radio, blind flying, navigation, meteorology and so forth. They must be alert and aggressive and accurate in all their work, whether it happened to be making a topographic map or putting in a cotter pin, for it cost the central government $15,000 to train one man to fly, and it could not afford to have an inept pupil "wash out" a $200,000 all-metal bomber.

While many of our former cadets may have been killed since hostilities began in August, I know of but two—Liang Hong-yuan and Cheng Shang-kan. Several other Chinese military aviators have lived to tell of their battles in the air, and have emerged as national heroes. Perhaps the outstanding performer of all is an intrepid veteran of our school—Chow Ting-fong.

This youngster—he is now twenty-five years of age—had a very good sense of equilibrium, as I recall, and took a special interest in pursuit flying, rather than bombing, attack or observation. In August of this year, when a large fleet of Japanese bombing planes appeared over the city where he was stationed, Chow bided his time, climbed far above the bombers and out of sight of the fighting planes that acted as their escort, dived upon the formation and shot down six of them. These were large two-engined bombers, and there were six men in each crew; the planes themselves cost $150,000 each.

Moreover, there was a Japanese General on board, according to information from an official Chinese source; the General was killed, along with the others. Now, there is a standing offer in the Chinese army of $20,000 for the death or capture of a Japanese General. Chow was entitled to collect that huge sum. Instead, he contributed the entire amount to the government for the purchase of munitions.

It is asserted by Chinese officials now in the United States that more than a hundred Japanese airplanes of various sizes were brought down in the first two months of fighting; also that two destroyers and one gunboat were bombed from the air and sunk.—*Lieut. Col. John H. Jouett*

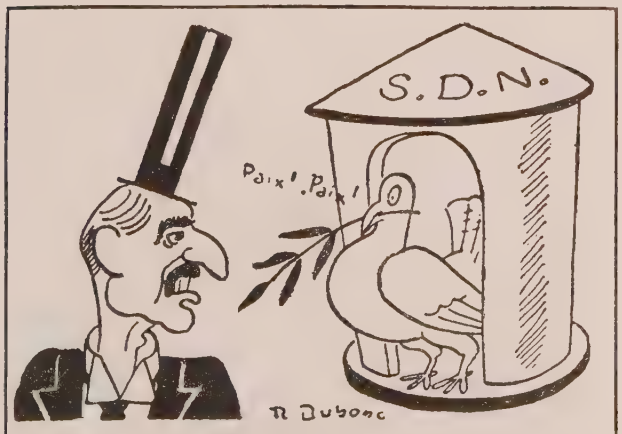
CCC AND CRIME

from "The Atlantic Monthly"

THE social values of the CCC are just beginning to be realized. Some authorities have credited directly to the corps a decrease in juvenile crime. From the superintendent of the Nebraska Reformatory for Men comes the statement that the CCC has been responsible, since 1933, for a 25 per cent decrease in the number of inmates in his institution. The superintendent of the Virginia State Penitentiary attributes to the CCC a drop in commitments of 156 in nine months. Justin Miller, chairman of the United States Attorney General's Committee on Crime, in a statement of December 14, 1936, brought out the three main causes of juvenile crime and delinquency—those arising from the physical environment of the delinquent, from his contact with his family, and from his own personality and status in society. He added:

"A simple knowledge of the aim of the CCC, the conservation of both human and natural resources is enough to suggest what the organization does to oppose these conditions."

The CCC program has made use of the forests, parks, and eroded fields of the nation to supply work for these idle youths; it has given hands and brains something to do. The forests and parks offered an opportunity not only to give these men jobs, but also to restore confidence in themselves and to build them up physically. These things it has done for some two million men since the spring of 1933.—*F. A. Silcox*



Neville Chamberlain (to League of Nations peace dove): "Go away, you miserable parrot."—*Humanité, Paris*

Big boats and little ones, graceful palms and stately pines, old missions and modern homes, warm winters and cool summers . . . make **San Diego** a city of pleasant contrasts that linger long in the memory of those who have visited this Southern California metropolis down in the furthermost corner of the land where California began and Mexico begins.

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Arts and Letters

Story of a Sculptor

BEFORE he was fifteen, Auguste Rodin decided to be a sculptor. He had traditions: poverty, a passion for bringing soft, wet clay to life, and a deep love for nature. But because his tongue was less eloquent than his hands, he feasted for half his life on the misunderstanding, hatred, and cruelty of the bloodless academicians of France.

Rodin was a born sculptor. In the studio vernacular, his figures and faces, from the very beginning, "hung together." He seemed to have an intuitive understanding of anatomy. In his statues, muscles and flesh rippled and bulged with life; eyes flashed their vivid messages through cold marble and bronze. More than once he was accused of casting directly from life, and, wounded deeply at such an insult, he turned with feverish indignation to producing miniatures, where such an accusation would be impossible.

As Rodin animated his statues, Judith Cladel lends flesh and blood to her biography of the sculptor.* Her word-pictures are mostly impressionistic: Rodin sketching Victor Hugo on bits of cigarette paper; Rodin burning shoe leather to heat his wretched studio for a model who eventually fainted because of the vile fumes; Rodin marrying Marie-Rose Beuret forty years after she had borne him a son; Rodin weeping inconsolably over a statue that had crumbled when it was moved.

It was a strange phenomenon that as Rodin's purse emptied his heart filled. When he was most in need of food his studio was cluttered with half-finished castings and overworked assistants. Privation, if it did not agree with him physically, lent fierce impetus to his work. A table with a cloth and a bowl of flowers was uncomfortably luxurious for him. His humility, except before his art, knew no bounds. Yet, this was the man for whose statue of Balzac the great Emile Zola fought the French Academy, the sculptor whose handshake made Cézanne weep.

Mlle. Cladel's *Rodin* is a diatribe against esthetic lawmakers. As a personal friend of Rodin's she took active part in his suffering, inevitable because he was a true artist, intensified because he was a revolutionary sculptor.

Rodin is also a commentary on the French public that fought so violently before it would accept the fantastically beautiful masterpieces of perhaps its greatest sculptor.

*"Rodin": Harcourt Brace, $3.75

Scene of the Crime

THE real problem in detective story writing is to find a new twist. Every month a dozen corpses bite the dust in a dozen publishers' offices. New methods of murder ran out long ago. So did new kinds of detectives. Lady detectives, college professors, lawyers, doctors, newspaper detectives have all gone through their paces, which, for the most part, were pretty tiresome. Still the public clamors for its fireside gore, while authors and publishers wrack their brains for something new.

Crimefile No. 3: File on Fenton and Farr,** by Q. Patrick, is one of the latest and most successful escapes from this problem. Strictly speaking, it is not a story at all; but a realistic collection of actual material: real, typewritten police reports, letters, and such genuine clues as a lipstick (real); a scrawled blotter (also real and legible with a mirror); real ticket stubs, checks, and a bit of gauze found on the scene of the crime.

Only three or four such books have ever been produced. To make this one took 135,000 handwritten notes, 120,000 telegrams; 30,000 theater tickets torn in half by hand; 15,000 genuine lipsticks inserted in special corrugated board and pasted on special paper so they could be bound into the book. Feminine readers can pry them out and use them. Other items, also in 15,000 lots, were disks of cotton gauze ("smudge put on by hand," say the publishers proudly), real book jackets (which look queer inside the volume), concert programs, and a school commencement program.

Of course, no bookbinder could possibly deal with such a mass, in every shape and size. It all had to be fastened into an imitation police folder and tied with a string. Fifteen girls worked about three weeks to fasten the sheets together.

**William Morrow & Co., $2.25

Defending Critics

JOHN DRYDEN'S old-fashioned idea that a literary critic is just a "creative" writer who couldn't quite make the grade is heartily ridiculed by Mrs. Mary M. Colum, wife of the poet, Padraic Colum. Critical theories, in her view, are just about the most important things in life, for *From These Roots*† spring the genuinely creative work of any period—or rather, the other creative works, since Mrs. Colum believes that criticism properly written is just as "creative," whatever that much-abused word may mean, as anything else.

Because she believes that a critical work should be both short, clear, and exciting, Mrs. Colum has written a book likely to interest almost any one who takes an interest in the modern movements in literature or in movements as distant in time as the mid-eighteenth century.

The fantastic gyrations of symbolists vers librists, and other ultra-modernists are better explained here than in any other book yet written; and the steady development of letters both among American writers and among writers throughout the world during the last century is for the first time logically related to the ideas that lie behind it. Distinctly a book for people who like to think about what they read.

†Scribner, $2.50

SALLY RAND, fan dancer, in her clothes. Oil portrait by Channing Hare at Karl Freund Gallery, New York

Topics in the News

Business . Education . Science . Sports . Movies

BUSINESS: In Britain there is recession, too

DECLINES in stock and commodity prices sour the theme song of prosperity. A slump in residential construction, coupled with declines in textile mill activity and increasing unemployment, swell the discordant note.

The foregoing might well be a bird's-eye view of current recession in American business. But it is also Great Britain's industrial picture.

For the first ten months of 1937, boasts the British Board of Trade, British business was 21 per cent better than in 1936. The dominions, as well as the mother country, shared in the recovery. During this period, Britain's biggest business—foreign trade—fared as follows: Exports amounted to £498,000,000 ($2,490,000,000), a gain of £86,000,000 ($430,000,000). Imports gained £150,000,000 ($750,000,000), and totaled £838,000,000 ($4,190,000,000).

The increase in imports, reports the Canadian Press, was caused mainly by Britain's rearmament program.

But despite the rosy picture painted by the Board of Trade, closer inspection of Britain's prosperity discloses flaws which compare in many respects with conditions in the United States.

England had a depression not as severe as ours, and a recovery that outran ours. As in the United States, stock prices have been drifting downward. But the stock decline in Great Britain began fully a year ago, while ours started last March. As in the United States, commodity prices have fallen in Great Britain (and in most other countries) along with security prices. Over there, too, there has been a decline in residential construction, just as in the United States. Likewise British textile trade has fallen off sharply and unemployment has increased slightly.

Unlike the United States, Great Britain is not suffering from a slump in heavy goods industries. And the reason for this is its $7,500,000,000 five-year rearmament program. Over here we have a housing plan to revive the iron and steel industries. Over there, they have rearmament.

Stock-exchange dilemma

WHEN, three months ago, William O. Douglas became chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission, a group of New York Stock Exchange officials paid him a social call. Later on, additional social calls were paid to the SEC by spokesmen for the Exchange, during which relations between the two groups were discussed. Among these was the important question of reorganizing stock-exchange administration.

Suddenly the conferences fell through. Thereupon Mr. Douglas, tired of the proceedings, issued a statement in which he found five things wrong with stock-market technique:

1. "Operating as private membership associations, exchanges have administered their affairs in much the same manner as private clubs. . . . Management should not be in the hands of professional traders but . . . in charge of those who have a clearer public responsibility."

2. "The commission has made a practice of permitting the exchanges to adopt rules governing the trading practices of their members. . . . That raises the question . . . whether the exchanges have equipped themselves to continue in this important role and to be entrusted with even greater responsibilities."

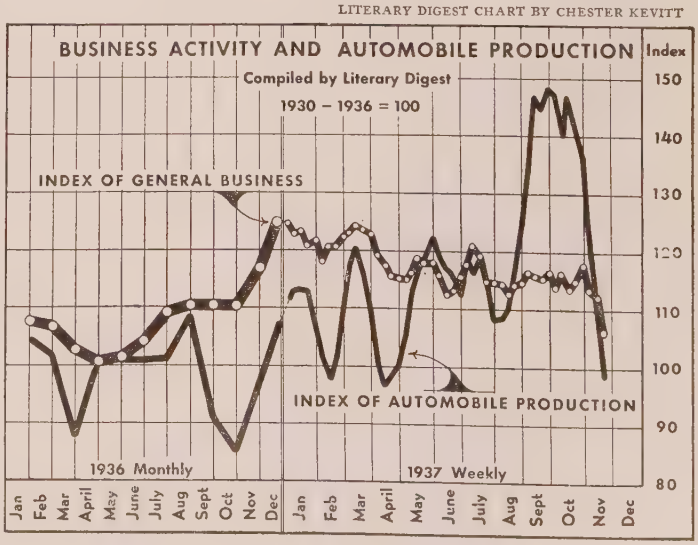
3. "Any realistic approach to the problems confronting exchanges soon meets the question as to whether the exchanges should attempt to provide a livelihood for their present huge memberships. In short, are the exchanges attempting to feed too many mouths?"

4. "Members . . . trading for their own account — particularly the specialist — either create the daily price fluctuations or else contribute to their severity."

5. "One of the most important public considerations grows out of the great increase in recent years in odd-lot buying and selling. . . . This type of trading, generally considered to represent the activity of the little investor, . . . now averages up to 21 per cent of the total volume of transactions." From a study of two recent crashes in the market, Mr. Douglas finds that "dealers in part were taking advantage of their odd-lot customers' buying to reduce their own long position or increase their short position in some stocks."

	1937			1936
	Nov. 20	Nov. 13	Nov. 6.	Nov. 21
STOCK SALES	88	130	141	125
BOND SALES	71	87	90	118
BANK DEBITS—N. Y. CITY	93	98	88	105
DEPOSIT CIRCULATION—N. Y. CITY	106	113	104	100
BANK DEBITS OUTSIDE N. Y. CITY	114	119	118	121
FREIGHT CARLOADINGS	104	106	107	116
BITUMINOUS COAL PRODUCTION	——	109	113	121
CRUDE OIL PRODUCTION	144	142	143	123
AUTOMOBILE PRODUCTION	99	109	124	102
ELECTRIC POWER PRODUCTION	129	130	131	124
COTTON FORWARDINGS	121	128	134	140
CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS	139	127	122	115
STEEL PRODUCTION	70	77	84	133
INDEX OF GENERAL BUSINESS	**106**	**112**	**114**	**118**

LITERARY DIGEST CHART BY CHESTER KEVITT



DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME! Our business index registers 106 per cent of 1930-36 normal. For the week ended October 30 it stood at 118. Automobile production also is shown on the chart

We must, declared Mr. Douglas, "insulate the economic life . . . of the nation against the severity of the shocks which have in the past been the unfailing accompaniment of violent shifts in security prices, so that the seismograph does not itself create the earthquake."

Last week stock exchanges had this decision to make: Clean house to SEC specifications (within six months, it was said), or quit the job.

EDUCATION: Princeton looks to Vassar, for a reason

Colleges can be counted upon annually for at least one thumping organized prank to tickle the national sense of humor. In 1930 Cornell's *Daily Star* cooked up a pretty hoax in a memorial dinner for its comic character, Hugo N. Fry (You-Go-And-Fry), touted as "founder of the New York State Republican party." Princeton in 1936 started the famed Veterans of Future Wars and Reed College (Portland, Oregon) whooped up a campaign to make Wally Simpson Queen of England. Last March, Yale seized upon the Supreme Court issue for a Roosevelt-for-King Club, while the Garland School for Home Making (Brookline, Massachusetts) countered with an Eleanor-for-Queen drive.

This year Princeton was busy again with a Lonely Hearts Club, which only last week was simmering down in the nation's news columns. The fun began one morning when Vassar girls gaped incredulously at this ad in their semi-weekly *Miscellany News*: "Hundreds of men are lonely at Princeton. Are you lonely, too? Find your post box lover by writing the Lonely Hearts Club, 121 Little Hall, Princeton, N. J. Everything confidential."

Authors of this ingenious scheme were sophomores Robert M. ("Bump") Brandin, of Rockville Center, New York, and his roommate, William A. ("Gil") Gilroy, of Elizabeth, New Jersey. Launched with an innocent desire to see what would happen, their idea promptly stretched far beyond Vassar's campus and the two found on their hands a mushrooming venture with reputedly 250 correspondents. Swamped with letters, they called a halt a fortnight ago, pleading overwork and misunderstanding.

In its brief existence the club had received fan mail from 25 girls' colleges throughout the United States. Letters frequently gave thumbnail descriptions of correspondents, sometimes producing a picture. Preferences were outlined, and for Vassarettes it was for the "tall and dark," with the frosh definitely out. An unknown number of "Woeful Wellesley Wenches," writing more boldly in their anonymity, asked: "What could those Vassar Venuses have that we Wellesley Wows don't have? What good is a mailbox when we have no males?"

Extra-campus correspondence also was heavy. Aged widows and bachelors, popeyed at accounts of the club in the metropolitan dailies, wrote for details. An immigrant Y.M.C.A. worker saw in the club a "cure for the demon loneliness" which he observed on the faces all around him in New York. Lonely females as far west as Iowa took pen in hand to beseech information. Breathless notes filtered in from models, stenographers, and young girls in big cities.

For their pains, Bump and Gil were not certain just what they had achieved in the heart hoax. To be sure, they got a handsome radio offer. And song writers asked leave to dedicate their works (notably "Let's Pitch a Little Woo") to the club. A ghost writer even offered his special services to take care of the tide.

They probably regretted they had gotten in a mixup with the polo-coated damsels at Poughkeepsie. Vassar laughed it off, though it is unknown just how many of the reputed 45 correspondents there who wrote in to Bump and Gil had tongue in cheek. But there were a number of red faces hidden behind the newspapers which served as a medium to air the entire business.

Vivian Liebman, attractive *Miscellany News* editor, said everybody knew it was all a gag. She ran a kidding article in her sheet the next day to prove it. It stated: "We now raise our voices to disclaim publicly our sympathies with the Lonely Hearts Club. We know from past experiences every Princeton man is a combination of Adonis, Tarzan, and Socrates, and we have seen stacks and stacks of scented envelopes that daily block the threshold of his room. Is it then conceivable that any representatives of Old Nassau should stoop to advertising for more mail, more contact with the fair sex? Yale men suffer from loneliness, but a Princeton man is surely above such weak and paltry emotions."

Discounting the fact that two Vassarettes actually were invited to a Princeton dance, girls in modish sweaters who lolled at the informal College Pharmacy got a hearty laugh at the novel venture.

One said: "They must be in an awful bad way at Princeton, putting in ads in the paper for mail. Can't they get girls without that?"

Another lovely said: "I answered that ad for a joke. I said my only two ambitions in life were to be a Girl Scout and to meet a Princeton man."

If that's so, replied the Princeton entrepreneurs, how would you explain some letters? Bump and Gil flipped a blue linen letter which said: "My hair is coppery brown. Eyes—like autumn leaves, they change color. Mouth—mmm, mmm, of course . . ." Another: "I am so darned tired of seeing an empty mailbox every day. I'll do anything. Even a freshman will do."

As a parting barb, they showed that they were not such chumps as Vassar thought. The Tigers wrote: "Princeton men are still able to take care of their hearts. Maybe it would surprise some Vassarettes to know that only the two club founders, with five or six close friends, had answered the girls' letters."

So closed this year's prank No. 1, but the publicity served to accent social difficulties experienced by the college boy and girl today. To facilitate them, the blind-date bureau has been in existence since the World War on many a campus. But even after these introductions are effected, the newly met pair find obstacles to pursue their friendship privately. Extra-campus meetings are preferred, because dormitory regulations usually are still rigid.

At Princeton, for instance, official rules call for chaperons when students bring in current smooth drags, although long evasion has almost made those rules a dead letter. Last January, Harvard scrapped an old rule which provided for a second girl's presence for dormitory twosomes, allowing, instead, a third person of unspecified sex. The University

LONELY? "Write the Lonely Hearts Club" invited the ad which Princeton sophomores R. M. Brandin (left) and W. A. Gilroy put in Vassar's paper

WIDE WORLD

INTERNATIONAL

VASSAR GIRLS laughed heartily, but 45 did reply to the Lonely Hearts ad. Newspaper publicity brought hopeful queries from 25 women's colleges

of Chicago bars girls from men students' rooms at all times, chaperoned or unchaperoned. Undergraduates at the University of Wisconsin may receive thoroughly chaperoned dates at approved lodging houses. At Stanford there is a code of honor which bans entertainment of women in men's quarters, without the necessity of regulations. Among girls' schools, exclusive Bennington (Vermont) allows students to entertain their young men in their rooms unchaperoned from noon to supper-time.

With the exception of a few coeducational schools and some women's colleges, it would seem that all the old restraints at college have disappeared.

SCIENCE: Flying fish glide and soar; but they don't fly

FLYING fishes never fly. So declares Dr. C. M. Breder, Jr., of the New York Aquarium, in an effort to put an end to a controversy waged for years in *Science,* journal of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Common oceanic flying fishes do not fly because they cannot fly, this authority points out. When they take to the air they merely glide. Wing-flapping is impossible, as the fishes' anatomy proves. Absent are the powerful wing-muscles found in every creature capable of true flight. Absent is any breastbone, for the attachment of muscles that can flap wings.

Hence the flying fish, having gathered momentum by rapid beats of its tail fin, can at most leap into the air, elevate its wings, and soar briefly—like a glider.

But, certain observers object, the flying fish, like any wing-flapping bird, can turn in its flight. Answers Dr. Breder: "So may anything with a rudder." The fish has a rudder: its tail fin. "Further, much of the curving in the flights of flying fish is caused by wind pressure forcing the fish to swerve."

The wings do seem to flutter. Dr. Breder shows, however, that such apparent fluttering is no more than a sidewise, rocking motion of the whole fish. For the left wing-tip is up when the right is down, and vice versa. This motion is caused by tilting one wing or the other, to gain lifting power, as in the case of soaring birds. When birds flap their wings, both wings go down simultaneously.

Moreover, just as is true of any feat of gliding, the flights of flying fish are longer and higher in a light breeze than in a dead calm. Dr. Breder is convincing.

Do any fish fly? Dr. Breder suggests that characids—tiny, fresh-water flying fishes—may have the power of true wing-propelled flight. They have both the required muscles and the breastbone for attachment of wing-muscles. Thus far Dr. Breder has been able, by aid of a flashlight, to catch only glimpses of characids gliding or flying at night. Because of the small size of these fishes, and his failure to see any evident flapping, he thinks that their wing movement may be similar to the buzzing of insect wings.

Mystery of the characids: Though surely unable to *see* the danger, they cannot be forced to fly ashore. How do they know when open water is ahead?

SPORTS: Ice hockey begins a long indoor season

CHING JOHNSON, named Ivan by his parents, last week gave proof that life does not end at forty in professional ice hockey. Recognizable to the gallery in any scrimmage because of his bald pate, Ching had been let go by the Rangers only to be snapped up by the also New York Americans. A mid-week crowd of 13,000 cash customers, paying up to $3.50 per seat, turned out for his 1937 debut in Madison Square Garden.

Thus did professional ice hockey, as represented by the National Hockey League, mark its twentieth birthday. The

MIAMI BEACH

PIN YOUR CHRISTMAS STOCKING TO A PALM!

Christmas in Miami Beach isn't "white"—it's green and blue and red and golden—a uniquely delightful holiday. And it's downright thrilling to start the New Year with a dip in silver surf. ★ If Christmas is reunion time, plan for the entire family. Youngsters from school benefit particularly from the sunshine interlude. ★ Whether you come for the Holidays, or later—or even next summer—your plans won't be complete unless they include the Pancoast. Because just as "there's only one Miami Beach" so, too, there's only one Pancoast! ★ Caution—early reservations are advisable. Better write or wire at once. Clientele carefully restricted.

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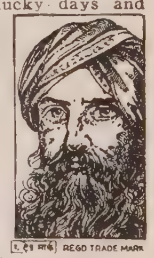

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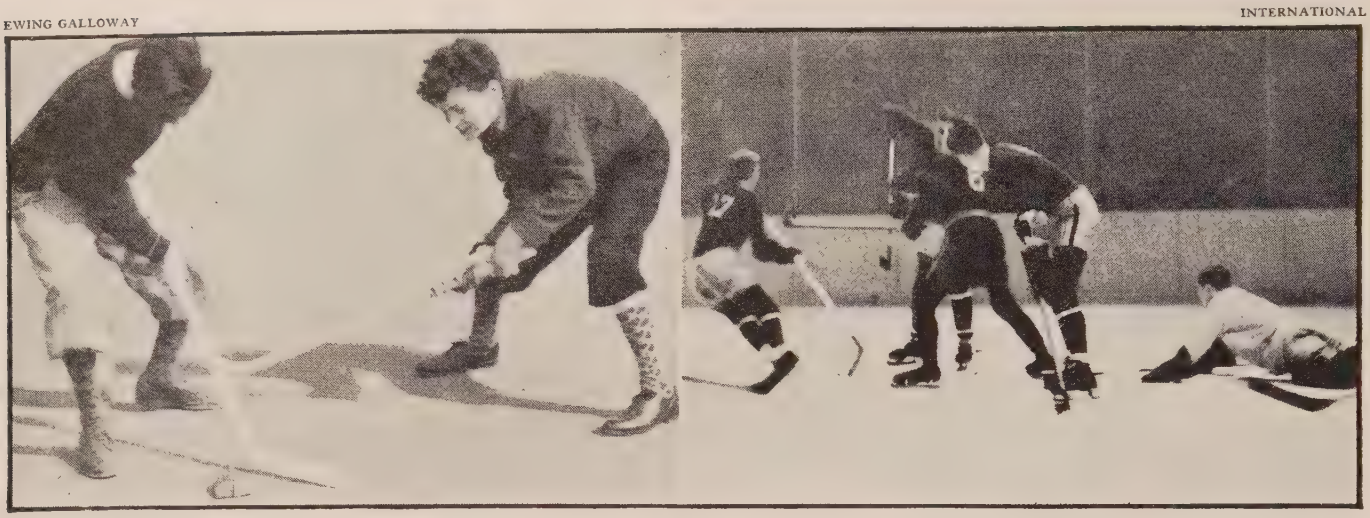
EWING GALLOWAY INTERNATIONAL



PUT IT ON ICE! was the cry of Canadians about shinny. In 1881 they did. Result is ice hockey, professional and amateur, indoors and outdoors. Kids playing shinny in the streets furnish a breeding place for hockey

game is played by eight league teams at points that correspond roughly to those of a triangle: Boston and New York in the East, Chicago and Detroit in the Middle West, and Montreal and Toronto in the North. New York and Montreal each supports two teams. In its earliest years the league was wholly Canadian.

The American Hockey Association plays in six cities from Minneapolis and St. Paul to Tulsa, including St. Louis, Kansas City and Wichita.

There is, too, a Pacific Coast Hockey League with teams representing Seattle, Spokane, Portland and Vancouver.

Ice hockey is a popular form of athletic activity in high schools and colleges; but its most notable recent advance lies in its appeal to the masses as a sport to watch. Its stars are hardly less known than those of baseball and command salaries that frequently run well into five figures.

Ice hockey is said to have originated in northern England, but it came to us by way of Canada. There the first known rules bear the date 1877, sixty years ago, and the first photographic record is that of McGill University players in 1878. Even in Canada, where ice is fairly dependable, the playing season years later was confined largely to January and February. Now, with artificial ice, the National Hockey League plays from November to April.

Emblematic of world championship in hockey is the Stanley Cup (actually a bowl) donated by Lord Stanley, then Governor-General of Canada, in 1893. In its first twenty years it was competed for only by amateurs, but since 1913 competition for it has been confined to professional teams.

This Stanley Cup has crossed the line and gone out of Canada only six times, Portland capturing it first for the United States in 1916. Last year it was won by the Detroit Red Wings, who in the opening weeks of this season failed to click and sank to bottom ranking.

And Ching Johnson, forty years old but refusing retirement, last week helped to keep them there.

MOVIES: Fred Astaire plus Burns and Allen

FRED ASTAIRE, quite by himself, is doubtless as nice a Christmas parcel as RKO could present to its public. This time he arrives glisteningly wrapped in a story by P. G. Wodehouse, songs by George and Ira Gershwin, and lunacy by those head-spinning radio artists, George Burns and Gracie Allen. The label on this generous bundle of holiday cheer is *A Damsel in Distress.*

Ginger Rogers is missing from the merry doings for the first time since Astaire made his screen debut. Whether the news evokes tears or hooplas must boil down to personal reactions.

Armed with his unique and rascally talent for complications, Wodehouse has provided our debonair dancer a goofy—and therefore suitable—vehicle. Fred, an American musical comedy whiz, finds himself the rage of London, trailing clouds of autograph hunters, the whole distressing situation abetted by his press agent (George Burns) and his secretary (Gracie Allen). Desperate to get away from it all, he invades the stony precincts of Marshmoreton Castle, last stronghold of British artistocracy. His purpose is to become better acquainted with Lady Alyce, daughter of the earl.

Beleagured on the one side by his Broadway compatriots and on the other by the earl's sister (Constance Collier), who wants Lady Alyce (Joan Fontaine) to marry Reggie (Ray Noble), Mr. Astaire goes through reel after reel of hilarious vicissitudes and lilting dance routines.

Astaire sports his flair for originality. When he went in for acrobatic dancing, his lesser colleagues adopted acrobatic dancing—until the poor public was getting a one-dish diet. Now he is doing very simple stuff. One of his best routines in this film is a number in which he walks. It requires a far better dancer to walk a dance, so let's hope he has no imitators in his new invention.

There is another secret to Astaire's superiority. He always uses props. *Damsel* has four dance sequences which might have been nothing had they been executed without equipment. The first is an Astaire solo in a London street in which he avoids, with miraculous nimbleness, hordes of oncoming trucks, busses, autos. He and George and Gracie have two trios, one with whiskbrooms, the other with suits of armor that suddenly articulate in alarming fashion. The high spot is the amusement park sequence. Burns and Allen and Astaire do their stuff in the wind tunnels, down the chutes, in front of the fattening mirrors, and the thinning mirrors, and finally on a turntable that goes round and round for at least fifteen minutes. It is one of the brightest choreographic notions modern dance has produced.

Stevenson's *Ebb Tide*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S improbable novel appears, via Paramount Pictures, all dolled up in Technicolor. Its faults are many and obvious, yet *Ebb Tide* proves to be an enjoyable adventure film. It is the tale of three South Sea beachcombers, a ship captain whose disgraceful past has lost him his papers, a cockney sot, and a British remittance man. They acquire a smallpox-infested ship because no self-respecting seaman will touch it, and agree to deliver a cargo of champagne to Sydney. Once aboard, they discover the ship's owner to be a beautiful girl, decide to steal the vessel, make for Peru and the gold mines. Storms, drunkenness, and discovery that the cargo is a hoax (water instead of champagne) eventually land them, starving, on an uncharted island which is a pearl hide-out owned by a religious maniac.

The film is packed with terrors, yet it seems to progress at snail's pace. The

cast is distinguished, but no one is up to his usual stuff. Oscar Homolka, recently imported from England, plays the dour-faced captain. Barry Fitzgerald, famed comic of the Abbey Theatre, is the cockney. Frances Farmer, now appearing on Broadway in the Group Theatre's *Golden Boy,* is the girl. Both color and photography are magnificent and worth the price of admission. There is also a South Sea storm which almost gives Mr. Goldwyn's *Hurricane* a run for its money. For those who don't mind hokum and do mind the sea very dearly, *Ebb Tide* is worthy fare.

A comedy that fails

CAROLE LOMBARD and Fred MacMurray have joined the troupe of madhatters—at least Paramount thinks they have. *True Confession,* in which they co-star, is designed to quench what is said to be an insatiable thirst for the *It Happened One Night* school of comedy. It's all very well to pour sophisticated insanity all over the screen, but this film is neither sophisticated nor insane.

The plot concerns a girl who cannot tell the truth and her struggling lawyer husband. In order to give him his first big break, she confesses to a murder she didn't commit. He gets her acquitted. Threaded through the whole loony business is the year's silliest role, an old-fashioned burlesque villain, played, poor soul, by John Barrymore.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

TO THE CHEERS of a thronged arena, a loyalist soldier at Valencia brought a bull down by hand. The animal is to be examined for Italian markings.—*Senator Soaper in Los Angeles Times.*

Paris introduces the wearing of divorce rings. Hollywood's darlings will have to copy the much-medaled soldier and wear a divorce ring with bars.—*Toronto Star.*

The Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger* observes that the Brussels declaration is "a scrap of paper." When an international agreement is reached that nobody regards as in that category, that will be news.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

Racketeers, they say, have taken over the trade in Pennsylvania bootleg coal. Just knock three times on the mine bulkhead and ask for Joe.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

No one has been able to fathom just how the *Social Register* compilers do their job. They work in secret, and so quietly you could hear a duke and duchess drop.—*Reading (Pa.) Times.*

President Roosevelt wonders how correspondents write when there is no news. Well, it's something like a politician making a speech with nothing to say.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Civilization is the system under which a business man rushes to town and pays a quarter to park his car, so he won't be fined a dollar while he is eating a fifteen-cent breakfast.—*D. M. in Saturday Evening Post.*

Mr. Farley believes that a strong opposition minority is necessary to good government. Jim loves to see their wistful noses pressed against the windowpane.—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker.*

Flying from Australia to England in less than six days, as Jean Batten did, is difficult enough, but providing a reason for all the hurry is even harder.—*New York Sun.*

Soldiers are the least expensive item of modern warfare, according to a recent survey, and to judge by China and by Spain they are also considered the least important.—*Hartford Courant.*

Americans are a pampered race. They are getting so they won't laugh at a radio joke unless it has sound effects.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

IT IS RUMORED*

THAT THE United States Government contemplates greatly increased expenditures for armaments in the near future —something like two billion dollars.

That a mansion, to cost more than $160,000, is under construction in the Val Di Sogno (Dream Valley) at Malcesine, Italy, for a secretive Swedish personage. Reports buzz among the populace that some day Greta Garbo will turn up as the owner-resident.

That a local private machine shop in Cremona, Italy, is secretly constructing a new-type bicycle which will reach a speed of 45 miles per hour, requiring the same amount of human power as the ordinary "bike," and that 60 miles per hour may be reached with a few further improvements.

That Herriot, former French Radical Socialist (moderate) Premier, is slated to head a new government of National Union, fairly conservative in its domestic policies and strongly anti-fascist in foreign policies, assuring leftist support.

That the French Athletic Federation has decided to send an expedition to West Africa this month to hunt material for the next Olympics. The rumor says that French Olympic officials are convinced there are tribes of black natives, seven feet tall, who, in normal hunting forays, leap twenty-five foot streams—or far enough to win any international broad-jumping contest ever heard of.

That ministers of the gospel in Dallas, Texas, are going to rid that city of gambling and vice by invoking an ancient law permitting legal action against owners of property where "dives" are operated rather than against the gamblers.

That America's next big federal building program will feature new airports to accommodate gigantic 40-passenger planes to be placed in service next year.

**Because rumors—not news items, not established facts, but mere rumors —play so important a part in the life of today,* LITERARY DIGEST *presents this department. The items are not printed as serious predictions, nor do the editors vouch for their accuracy. No claim is made for them except that they are interesting and current. Take them for what they are worth.*

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS enjoys herself. Gracie Allen appears in the P. G. Wodehouse film comedy with husband George Burns and Fred Astaire

The Spice of Life

(Title registered U. S. Patent Office)

"Spare a copper for the Red Cross, please."—*Moustique, Charleroi*

You've Heard It Before—At a movie ticket office: "If I go in now when will I come out?" . . . "Will I see the same picture from the second balcony?" . . . "Will I come in in the middle of both pictures?" . . . "What floor is the orchestra on?" . . . "Two singles together, please." . . . "Can we stand up together?"

And on the job hunt: "Sure, I'll give you a job—if you'll pay me fifty dollars a week." . . . "I expect something to turn up soon. Can you afford to wait?" . . . "You bet I have an opening—right behind you!" . . . "I can't give you anything but advice, girlie." . . . "Listen, kid, I didn't have any contacts when I started—just a telephone directory."—John Chapman in *New York Daily News.*

The Last Step—A short-sighted gentleman went to choose a pair of spectacles.

"These glasses," he said, "are not strong enough for me."

"But, sir, they are No. 2."

"What is next to No. 2?"

"No. 1."

"And after that?"

"After No. 1, sir, you will want a dog."—*Montreal Star.*

Self-assertion—In one of the prairie conferences, a 120-pound quarterback functioned in five games without being punted in the confusion.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Tiny Tins—There's a new craze for miniature automobiles sweeping the country. They say you can get forty miles to a gallon—that's if you can get a gallon of gasoline into one of them. There probably isn't any truth in the story that the production of the tiny cars is being subsidized by a prohibition organization, but I have reliable reports of three men who swore off drinking after seeing the little cars on the road. They felt it was time to quit before they began to see little men in yellow oilskins following them around on roller skates.—W.J.F. in *Hartford Courant.*

A Tough One—A notorious blackmailer, reports Al Jolson, just received her first honest-to-goodness love letter. Now she's in a tight spot. She doesn't know whether to frame it—or him!—Mark Hellinger in *New York Daily Mirror.*

Noble Effort—This short essay on frogs, by a young immigrant from Norway, was reported by the Chicago Board of Education: "What a wonderful bird the frog are. When he stand he sit almost. When he hop he fly almost. He ain't got no sense hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either, when he sit on what he ain't got almost."—Neal O'Hara in *Houston Chronicle.*

Simile—Fat man: looks like four midgets abreast.—Dan Walker in *New York Daily News.*

Collaborator—When you hear some folks you know blow and brag, you are reminded of the time the flea said to the elephant, "Boy, didn't we shake that bridge when we crossed it?"—*Goodland (Kans.) News.*

By George—Lady (to new milkman): "How much is my milk bill?"

Milkman: "'Scuse me, lady, but my name's Joe."—*West Point Pointer.*

Progress—They laughed when Coolidge made cracks like "many people out of work make for a condition of unemployment." But here's science detecting a resemblance between Dionnes.—Senator Soaper in *Chicago Daily News.*

Just as Good—A stout Negress came before a New York magistrate, complaining that her ex-husband had made a barbarous attack upon her with a large pair of shears.

"Mistah Judge," she bellowed, "dis here niggah, he rushed at me wid dese scissors! Yas, suh! An' he cut an' slashed mah face mos' to ribbons. He jabbed mah eyes and carved mah face like it was sausage meat—all torn an' bleedin', it wuz!"

The magistrate looked at her broad, smooth countenance, on which appeared not the slightest sign of conflict.

"When did you say this happened?" he inquired.

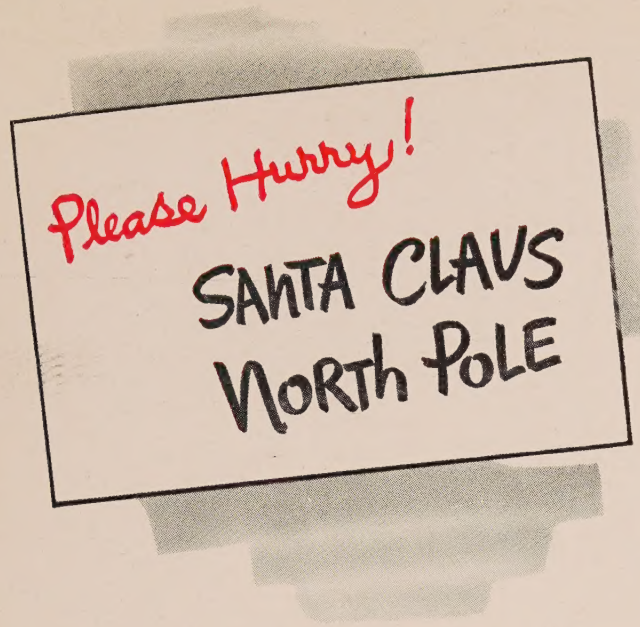
"Only las' night, Mistah Judge," was the reply.

The puzzled magistrate gazed at her carefully.

"Only last night! But I don't see any marks on your face!"

"Marks!" she roared. "*Marks!* What de debbil do I care for *marks?* I'se got *witnesses!*"—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"I'm afraid to go down this street, it's so dark."
"But I'm with you."
"That's why I'm afraid."—*Holite Humour, London*



"Is there a Santa Claus?"

(The following Christmas classic first appeared as an editorial in the New York "Sun" September 21, 1897. It is reprinted with special permission.)

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun:

"Dear Editor:

I am 8 years old.

Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?

Virginia O'Hanlon,
115 West 95th Street"

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the Chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You tear apart baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

To keep alive the spirit of Christmas in the hearts of their children in the years to come, many parents own a "Christmas" life insurance policy as a part of their program of family protection. From such a policy your family would receive, for a certain number of years, money for their Christmas each year, just as though you were still "here" to make a gift yourself. Ask the New York Life representative in your community to tell you about it. Or, if you prefer, write to the Home Office at the address below.

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A Mutual Company founded on April 12, 1845

THOMAS A. BUCKNER, *Chairman of the Board* 51 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ALFRED L. AIKEN, *President*

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.....$1000 U. S. Savings Bonds at $750.00 $.....
Total $.....

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Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States.
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TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES, DEPT. D-12, WASHINGTON, D.C.

☐ Please send me, without obligation, your Regular Purchase Plan and forms for my consideration and optional use.

☐ Send me the following bonds for which I enclose check, draft or money order.

NUMBER

..... $25 U. S. Savings Bonds at $18.75 $.....
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Register in the name of and send to { Miss / Mrs. / Mr. } _____ (If for a firm or association, state whether incorporated or unincorporated) / Street Address _____ / City _____ State _____

Make all remittances payable to Treasurer of the United States